

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 329.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stiched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World. [J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*Helen: a Tale.* By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Maria Edgeworth has so long ceased to wave her magic wand, or to let her voice be heard in the regions of fiction, that we imagined she had destroyed her rod, like Prospero, and obstinately determined to be silent. All at once, when we least expected it, she has cast her spells abroad—and the result is, we are as much under her influence as ever. The *Quarterly Review* has called her the most accomplished of living novelists: in this commendation we all but concur; she has not so much vigour as some we could name, nor such electric bursts of feeling as others; but in the gradual and full development of character, and in the unities and proprieties of action and narrative, she is unequalled. She cannot be judged of by bits; and in this she resembles Richardson; we cannot turn to a brilliant passage, and say, "Behold a sample of all." It is one of her chief beauties, that she commands life-blood to flow through every member of her narrative, and diffuses her feeling and her fancy everywhere. Brighter sallies of genius, and more consummate handling may be pointed out in pages and in chapters of even living novelists;—but in the bulk she excels; and it is by this she will be and is judged. We consider this a proof of her skill; she seems to have no wish to make a vivid impression by dealing out sparkling, striking sentences: she goes meekly and quietly to work; secures our attention by the perfect truth and inimitable ease of her delineations; and we are not aware, till we try to lay down her volumes, that we are on charmed ground, and under the spell of an enchantress.

We have felt as we have described in reading the work before us: it has, however, less action, and abounds more in dramatic and dissecting conversations, than any of her earlier compositions. 'Helen' is a tale of morals and manners, and its object is to press on the human heart the honour and advantage of a constant adherence to truth. The scene is laid in England, and in our own times; the story lies, as most good ones do, in a small compass. Helen, an orphan remarkable for beauty, both of person and mind, is less properly the heroine than her friend and school-fellow Lady Cecilia Clarendon: the latter is lively, affectionate, and innocent; but in girlish simplicity of soul, she had, when a spinster, engaged in a sort of Phyllis-and-Corydon correspondence, by letter, with a certain Colonel D'Aubigny, and when General Clarendon wooed and won her, she had not fortitude sufficient to inform him of this, but satisfied her own heart by assuring him—that was perfectly true—that she had never sincerely loved any one but himself. All this passes off well till Colonel D'Aubigny dies, and his correspondence falls into the hands of those who have no good-will to Cecilia and her friend Helen:

the letters are shown to a satirist and small wit; he says they will make a stir, when well peppered and salted; the pepper and salt are administered, and the whole are on the point of being published, and the exposure of Cecilia is certain, when she prevails on Helen, whose handwriting and style resembled hers, to call them her own. This is done, and done reluctantly; Cecilia is saved—not so the orphan Helen:—the finger of scorn is pointed at her in public; in private, her best friends waver; the truth is, however, brought to light by her intrepid lover Beauclerc, who challenges and wounds the lampooner Churchill; the cloud of calumny is cleared away from the heads of Helen and Cecilia; the latter is reconciled to her husband, and the former led blushing to the altar, and all parties unite in the opinion, that much sorrow and wrath and misrepresentation might have been warded off by a closer adherence to truth.

Such is the story. The characters, we have said, are numerous; we may add, some of them are admirably drawn. Let the narrative flow onward, or stand still, or even turn back, which it sometimes does, the characters never halt; they move on, and the less stir the story makes, the more insight we get into human nature. In the vindication of the truth, several well-sustained characters appear: Helen herself is in the van till the saving of Cecilia persuades her out of her propriety; General Clarendon supports it like a soldier, with a stern military air; Lady Davenant loves it for its own sake, and because she finds that it always answers best; while Miss Clarendon, a plain outspoken lady from the Welch mountains, supports it in a straightforward boisterous way; she calls a spade a spade, and a lie a lie, after the bow-wow way of Dr. Johnson. On the side of what may be called polite fibbing, we must rank Cecilia, though she becomes, at last, a convert to the side of truth; the polished and witty and heartless Churchill; the sarcastic and envious Lady Katrine Hawksby, and the scoundrel Lord Beltravers. Among the neutrals, we class the enthusiastic and accomplished Beauclerc; Aunt Pennant, a kind-hearted Welch lady; and, better still, Lady Bearcroft. Our readers will now be enabled to feel the merits and meaning of the passages which we have selected, as containing in themselves much of the spirit, and feeling, and tact of the accomplished authoress.

The tale commences with a conversation between Helen, and a worthy curate and his wife, respecting the future prospects of the desolate orphan—she is well connected—and the generosity of her relations is thus discussed:—

"'Lady C.—does not invite her, for she has too many daughters, and they are too ugly, and Helen is too beautiful,' said Mrs. Collingwood.

"'Lady L.—has too many sons,' said Mr. Collingwood, 'and they are too poor, and Helen is not an heiress now.'

"'But old Lady Margaret Dawe, who has neither sons nor daughters, what stands in the way there? Oh! her delicate health—delicate health is a blessing to some people—excuses them always from doing anything for anybody.'

"'And the Berkeleys, the Dean's most particular friends, and who doated on Helen, what can they find to say? They would have been really so happy to have her; but going to travel, Gods knows where, or for how long! Oh!—and no carriage could carry Miss Stanley, I suppose, along with them.'

In the midst of these deliberations, an invitation comes from Cecilia and her General, and Helen hastens to the residence of her friend; she is received warmly. Out of many conversations we select the following, as lively and graphic:—

"Lady Cecilia, in a moment at the writing-table, ran off, as fast as pen could go, two notes, which she put into her mother's hand, who gave an approving nod; and, leaving them with her to seal and have franked, Cecilia darted out on the terrace, carrying Helen along with her, to see some Italian garden she was projecting.

"And as she went, and as she stood directing the workmen, at every close of her directions she spoke to Helen. She said she was very glad that she had settled that Beauclerc was to come to them immediately. He was a great favourite of hers.

"'Not for any of those grandissimo qualities which my mother sees in him, and which I am not quite clear exist; but just because he is the most agreeable person in nature! and really natural; though he is a man of the world, yet, not the least affected. Quite fashionable, of course, but with true feeling. Oh! he is delightful, just!—then she interrupted herself to give directions to the workmen about her Italian garden—

"'Oleander in the middle of that bed; vases nearer to the balustrade—'

"'Beauclerc has a very good taste, and a beautiful place he has, Thorndale. He will be very rich. Few very rich young men are agreeable now, women spoil them so.—[Border that bed with something pretty.]—Still he is, and I long to know what you will think of him; I know what I think he will think, but, however, I will say no more; people are always sure to get into scrapes in this world, when they say what they think.—[That fountain looks beautiful.]—I forgot to tell you he is very handsome. The General is very fond of him, and he of the General, except when he considers him as his guardian, for Granville Beauclerc does not particularly like to be controlled—who does? especially by one only a few years older than himself. It is a curious story—[Unpack those vases, and by the time that is done I will be back.]—Take a turn with me, Helen, this way. It is a curious story: Granville Beauclerc's father—but I don't know it perfectly, I only know that he was a very odd man, and left the General, though he was so much younger than himself, guardian to Granville, and settled that he was not to be of age, I mean not to come into possession of his large estates, till he is five-and-twenty: shockingly hard on poor Granville, and enough to make him hate Clarendon, but he does not, and that is charming, that is one reason I like him! so amazingly respectful to his guardian always, considering how impetuous

he is, amazingly respectful, though I cannot say I think he is what the gardening books call *patient of the knife*, I don't think he likes his fancies to be lopped, but then he is so clever. Much more what you would call a reading man than the General, distinguished at college, and all that, which usually makes a young man conceited, but Beauclerc is only a little headstrong—all the more agreeable, it keeps one in agitation; one never knows how it will end, but I am sure it will all go on well now. It is curious, too, that mama knew him also when he was at Eton, I believe—I don't know how, but long before we ever heard of Clarendon, she corresponded with him, but I never knew him till he came to Florence, just after it was all settled with me and the General; and he was with us there and at Paris, and travelled home with us, and I like him. Now you know all, except what I do not choose to tell you, so come back to the workmen.—That vase will not do there, move it in front of those evergreens; that will do."

Visitors, as might be expected, arrive: among others, Miss Clarendon—here is an instance of her plain speaking:—

"Miss Clarendon smiled again, and admitted that she was prejudiced, 'but everybody is; only some shew and tell, and others smile and fib. I wish that word fib was out of the English language, and white lie drummed out after it. Things by their right names and we should all do much better. Truth must be told, whether agreeable or not.'"

"But whoever makes truth disagreeable commits high treason against virtue," said Helen.

"Is that yours?" cried Miss Clarendon, stopping short.

"No," said Helen.

"It is excellent whoever said it."

"It was from my uncle Stanley I heard it," said Helen.

"Superior man that uncle must have been."

"I will leave you now," said Helen.

"Do, I see we shall like one another in time, Miss Stanley in time,—I hate sudden friendships."

"That evening Miss Clarendon questioned Helen more about her friendship with Cecilia, and how it was she came to live with her. Helen plainly told her.

"Then it was not an original promise between you?"

"Not at all," said Helen.

"Lady Cecilia told me it was. Just like her,—I knew all the time it was a lie."

Their time is not, however, wholly spent in conversational disputes; they now and then ride out; in one of these excursions they see a very beautiful scene—it is as beautifully described:—

"They rode on through a lane fragrant with primroses, mingled with violets white and blue, in gay profusion, and this lane led gently down to the banks of the Thames—those beautiful banks! The road now continued along the river side, where the black steam-boat never marked the way; where yet you breathe Nature's fresh air unpolluted by smell or smoke; where yet the busy hum of men, the din of commerce, prevail not; but where the river flows on, and seems as if it would for ever flow in full broad placid silence and dignity: nor ship, nor boat, was to be seen, save one pleasure-skiff skimming along over the light-streaked water, the 'silvery Thames,' here no unmeaning epithet, but the just distinction of that smooth mirror, reflecting every object on its banks—its banks, not here, as Beauclerc pointed out, crowded with citizen's boxes, or gay with merely pretty villas, but spreading into parks of vast extent, woods towering above and beyond, and below,

in gentle sweeps feathering down to the water's edge, some just tinged with early green, some in the full foliage of advancing spring. The General, less poetically inclined, would name to Helen all the fine places within view—"residences," as he practically remarked—"such as cannot be seen in any country in the world but England; and not only fine places such as these, but from the cottage to the palace—"the homes of Old England," are the best homes upon earth."

They are too well bred to talk about themselves only: they make excursions into the realms of literature and art: in their colloquies several names well-known to the world are included:—

"I hear the loud voice of universal execration," said Beauclerc; 'you have all abused me, but whom have I abused? What have I said?'

"Nothing," replied Lady Cecilia; 'that is what we complain of. I could have better borne any abuse than indifference to Sir Walter Scott.'

"Indifference!" exclaimed Beauclerc—"what did I say, Lady Cecilia, from which you could infer that I felt indifference? Indifferent to him whose name I cannot pronounce without emotion! I alone, of all the world, indifferent to that genius, pre-eminent and unrivalled, who has so long commanded the attention of the whole reading public, arrested at will the instant order of the day by tales of other times, and in this common-place, this every-day existence of ours, created a holiday world, where, undisturbed by vulgar cares, we may revel in a fancy region of felicity, peopled with men of other times—shades of the historic dead, more illustrious and brighter than in life!"

"Yes, the great enchanter," cried Cecilia.

"Great and good enchanter," continued Beauclerc, 'for in his magic there is no dealing with unlawful means. To work his ends, there is never aid from any one of the bad passions of our nature. In his writings there is no private scandal—no personal satire—no bribe to human frailty—no libel upon human nature. And among the lonely, the sad and the suffering, how has he medicined to repose the disturbed mind, or elevated the dejected spirit!—perhaps fanned to a flame the unquenched spark, in souls not wholly lost to virtue. His morality is not in purple patches, ostentatiously obtrusive, but woven in through the very texture of the stuff. He paints man as he is, with all his faults, but with his redeeming virtues—the world as it goes, with all its compensating good and evil, yet making each man better contented with his lot. Without our well knowing how, the whole tone of our minds is raised—for, thinking nobly of our kind he makes us think more nobly of ourselves!"

"Helen, who had sympathised with Beauclerc in every word he had said, felt how true it is that

"—Next to genius, is the power

Of feeling where true genius lies."

"Yet after all this, Granville," said Lady Cecilia, 'you would make us believe you never wished to have seen this great man?'

"Beauclerc made no answer."

"Oh! how I wish I had seen him!" said Helen to Lady Davenant, the only person present who had had that happiness.

"If you have seen Raeburn's admirable picture, or Chantrey's speaking bust," replied Lady Davenant, 'you have as complete an idea of Sir Walter Scott as painting or sculpture can give. The first impression of his appearance and manner was surprising to me, I recollect, from its quiet, unpretending good-nature; but scarcely had that impression been made before I was struck with something of the chivalrous courtesy of other times. In his conversation you would have found all that is most

delightful in all his works—the combined talents and knowledge of the historian, novelist, antiquary, and poet. He recited poetry admirably, his whole face and figure kindling as he spoke: but whether talking, reading, or reciting, he never tired me, even with admiring; and it is curious that, in conversing with him, I frequently found myself forgetting that I was speaking to Sir Walter Scott; and, what is even more extraordinary, forgetting that Sir Walter Scott was speaking to me, till I was awakened to the conviction by his saying something which no one else could have said. Altogether, he was certainly the most perfectly agreeable and perfectly amiable great man I ever knew."

Of well-bred, polite, and brilliant people Cecilia grows weary; she thus expresses herself in confidence to her friend Helen:—

"Very delightful, very delightful! as you say, Helen, it has all been; but I am not sure that I should not be very much tired if I had much more of it. Oh! yes, I admired them all amazingly, but then admiring all day long is excessively wearisome. The very attitude of looking up fatigues both body and mind. Mama is never tired, because she never has to look up; she can always look down, and that's so grand and so easy. She has no idea how the neck of my poor mind aches this minute; and my poor eyes! blasted with excess of light. How yours have stood it so well, Helen, I cannot imagine! how much stronger they must be than mine. I must confess, that, without the relief of music now and then, and ecarté, and that quadrille, bad as it was, I should never have got through it to-night alive or awake. But," cried she, starting up in her chair, 'do you know Horace Churchill stays to-morrow? Such a compliment from him to stay a day longer than he intended! And do you know what he says of your eyes, Helen?—that they are the best listeners he ever came to."

I should warn you, though, my dear, that he is something, and not a little, I believe, of a male coquette. Though he is not very young, but he well understands all the advantages of a careful toilette. He has, like that George Herbert in Queen Elizabeth's time, "a gentled humour for dress." He is handsome still, and his fine figure, and his fine feelings, and his fine fortune, have broken two or three hearts; nevertheless, I am delighted that he stays, especially that he stays on your account."

This is the brilliant Horace Churchill, the man of wit about town, who enjoyed the reputation of genius without ever having displayed any; but who had all the

Snipsnap short and interruption smart, of which Pope complains in the 'Dunciad.' Lord Davenant—a character that seldom speaks—sat listening to the sarcastic sallies of the aforesaid Horace—

"Well, really this is comfortable," said Lord Davenant, throwing himself back in his arm-chair—"True English comfort, to sit at ease and see all one's friends so well dissected! Happy to feel that it is our duty to our neighbour to see him well cut up—ably anatomized for the good of society; and when I depart—when my time comes—as come it must, nobody is to touch me but Professor Churchill. It will be a satisfaction to know that I shall be carved as a dish fit for gods, not hewed as a carcass for hounds. So now remember, Cecilia, I call on you to witness—I hereby, being of sound mind and body, leave and bequeath my character, with all my defects and deficiencies whatsoever, and all and any singular curious diseases of the mind, of which I may die possessed, wishing the same many for his sake,—to my good friend Doctor Horace Churchill, professor of moral, philosophic, and scandalous anatomy, to

be by him dissected at his good pleasure for the benefit of society.'

"Many thanks, my good Lord; and I accept your legacy for the honour—not the value of the gift, which every body must be sensible is nothing," said Churchill, with a polite bow—"absolutely nothing. I shall never be able to make anything of it."

"Try—try, my dear friend," answered Lord Davenant. "Try, don't be modest."

"That would be difficult when so distinguished," said Beauclerc, with an admirable look of proud humility.

"Distinguished Mr. Horace Churchill assuredly is," said Lady Davenant, looking at him from behind her newspaper. "Distinguished above all his many competitors in this age of scandal; he has really raised the art to the dignity of a science. Satire, scandal, and gossip, now hand-in-hand—the three new graces: all on the same elevated rank—three, formerly considered as so different, and the last left to our inferior sex, but now, surely to be a male gossip is no reproach."

"O, Lady Davenant!—male gossip—what an expression!"

"What a reality!"

"Male gossip!—*Tombe sur moi le ciel!* cried Churchill.

"*Pourvu que je me venge*, always understood," pursued Lady Davenant; "but why be so afraid of the imputation of gossiping, Mr. Churchill? It is quite fashionable, and if so, quite respectable, you know, and in your style quite grand."

And gossiping wonders at being so fine!—Malice, to be hated, needs but to be seen, but now when it is elegantly dressed we look upon it without shame or consciousness of evil; we grow to doat upon it—so entertaining, so graceful, so refined. When vice loses half its grossness, it loses all its deformity. Humanity used to be talked of when our friends were torn to pieces, but now there is such a philosophical perfume thrown over the whole operation, that we are irresistibly attracted. How much we owe to such men as Mr. Churchill, who make us feel detraction virtue!"

The witty Churchill was outshone in his most elaborate sallies by Beauclerc, whose quick imagination was found too much for him; and he was likewise nettled by the coldness of Helen, who despised him as a heartless and polished profligate; he therefore suddenly departed to town, summoned, he said, by an illustrious personage who desired to be cheered by his wit. Another bevy of visitors succeeded—the envious Lady Katrine supplied the place of the unamiable Churchill; she hated Helen heartily for her loveliness, and for having had the opportunity of saying No to such a prize as Horace. See how she handles her:—

"Often to escape from one false imputation she exposed herself to another more grievous. One night, when the young wished to dance, and the usual music was not to be had, Helen played quadrilles and waltzes, for hours, with indefatigable good-nature, and when some of the party returned their cordial thanks, Lady Katrine whispered, 'Our musician has been well paid by Lord Estridge's admiration of her white hands.' His lordship had not danced, and had been standing all the evening beside Helen, much to the discomfort of Lady Katrine, who intended to have had him for her own partner."

The next night, Helen did not play, but joined the dance, and with a boy partner, whom nobody could envy her. The General, who saw wonderfully quickly the by-play of society, marked all this, and now his eye followed Helen through the quadrille, and he said to some one

standing by, that Miss Stanley danced charmingly, to his taste, and in such a lady-like manner. He was glad to see her in good spirits again; her colour was raised, and he observed that she looked remarkably well.

"Yes," Lady Katrine answered, 'remarkably well; and black is so becoming to that sort of complexion, no doubt this is the reason Miss Stanley wears it so much longer than is customary for an uncle. Short or long mournings are, to be sure, just according to fashion, or feeling, as some say. For my part, I hate long mournings—so like ostentation of sentiment; whatever I did, at any rate I would be consistent. I never would dance in black. Pope, you know, has such a good cut at that sort of thing. Do you recollect the lines?

And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show."

The persuasions and example of Cecilia induce Helen to lay aside her mourning, and moreover to expend more money than her income could well allow on pearls and trinkets. She is rebuked by Lady Davenant:—

"After affectionately embracing her, Lady Davenant held her at arm's length, and looked at her as the light of the lamp shone full upon her face and figure. Pleased with her whole appearance, Lady Davenant smiled, and said, as she looked at her—"You seem, Helen, to have shared the grateful old fairy's gift to Lady Georgiana B. of the never-fading rose in the cheek. But what particularly pleases me, Helen, is the perfect simplicity of your dress. In the few minutes that I was in the ball-room to-night, I was struck with that over-dressed duchess: her figure has been before my eyes ever since, hung round with jewellery, and with that *auréole* a foot and a half high on her head: like the Russian bride's headgear, which Heber so well called "the most costly deformity he ever beheld." Really, this passion for baubles," continued Lady Davenant, "is the universal passion of our sex. I will give you an instance to what extravagance it goes. I know a lady of high rank, who hires a certain pair of emerald earrings, at fifteen hundred pounds per annum. She rents them in this way from some German countess, in whose family they are an heir-loom, and cannot be sold."

"Helen expressed her astonishment."

"This is only one instance, my dear; I could give you hundreds. Over the whole world, women of all ages, all ranks, all conditions, have been seized with this bauble insanity—from the counter to the throne. Think of Marie Antoinette and the story of her necklace; and Josephine and her Cisalpine pearls, and all the falsehoods she told about them to the emperor she revered, the husband she loved—and all for what?—a string of beads! But I forget," cried Lady Davenant, interrupting herself, "I must not forget how late it is: and I am keeping you up, and you have been dancing: forgive me! When once my mind is moved, I forget all hours. Good-night—or good-morning, my dear child; go, and rest." But just as Helen was withdrawing her hand, Lady Davenant's eye fixed on her pearl bracelets—"Roman pearls, or real? Real, I see, and very valuable!—given to you, I suppose, by your poor dear extravagant uncle?"

The wise, the reflecting Helen resumed her former prudent system of expenditure; nor did she listen with anything like envy in her heart to the too graphic account given by Lady Bearcroft, how she smuggled lace and jewels from France to England; we must make room for a bit of this communication:—

"But a better thing I did myself," continued she; "the last trip I made to Paris—coming back, I set at defiance all the searchers, and

stabbers, and Custom-house officers of both nations. I had hundreds of pounds worth of Valenciennes and Brussels lace hid—you would never guess where. I never told a servant—not a mortal maid even; that's the only way; had only a confidante of a coachmaker. But when it came to packing up time, my own maid smelt out the lace was missing; and gave notice, I am confident, to the Custom-house people to search me. So much the more glory to me. I got off clear; and, when they had stabbed the cushions, and torn the inside of my carriage all to pieces, I very coolly made them repair the mischief at their own cost. Oh, I love to do things bravely! and away I drove triumphant with the lace, well stuffed, packed, and covered within the pole leather of the carriage they had been searching all the time."

Our readers must suppose that the mystery of the Corydon and Phillis correspondence between Cecilia and Colonel D'Aubigny, is on the point of unravelment; and that Helen, about to be married to Beauclerc, has made her appearance at a London rout, or some such festival, where she finds slander busy with her name. In the midst of this distress Beauclerc gets some excellent counsel from a lady unknown to him—Lady Bearcroft:—

"As you love her, do not heed one word you hear anybody say this night, for it's all on purpose to vex you; and I am as certain as you are it's all false—all envy. And there she goes. Envy herself in the black jaundice," continued she, looking at Lady Katrine Hawksly, who passed at that instant.

"Good Heavens!" cried Beauclerc, "what can—"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Bearcroft, "no, no, do not ask—better not; best you should know no more—only keep your temper whatever happens. Go you up the hill, like the man in the tale, and let the black stones bawl themselves hoarse—dumb. Go you on, and seize your pretty singing thinking bird—the sooner the better. So fare you well."

The secret withheld from Cecilia by her friends was soon communicated by the public press; it is not easy to imagine with what emotion she read these paragraphs—how like they are to what we see almost daily:—

"La Belle Fiancée."

"Though quite unknown in the London world, this young lady cannot fail to excite some curiosity among our fashionables as the successful rival of one whom the greatest painter of the age has pronounced to be the *fairest of the fair*—the Lady B. F. . . . This new Helen is, we understand, of a respectable family, niece to a late Dean, distinguished for piety much and virtù more. It was reported that the niece was a great heiress, but after the proposal had been made, it was discovered that *Virtù* had made away with every shilling of her fortune. This made no difference in the eyes of her innamorato, who is as rich as he is generous, and who saw with the eyes of a youth 'Of Age to-morrow.' His guardian, a wary general, demurred—but nursery tactics prevailed. The young lady, though she had never been out, bore the victory from him of many campaigns. The day for the marriage was fixed as announced by us—But we are concerned to state that a *postponement* of this marriage, for mysterious reasons, has taken place. Delicacy forbids us to say more at present."

"Delicacy, however, did not prevent their saying in the next paper in a paragraph headed, 'Mystery solved,'

"We understand that in the course of a few days will appear the 'Memoirs of the late Co-



lonel D—y; or, *Reminiscences of a Roué*, well known in the Fashionable world."

"This little volume bids fair to engross the attention of the higher circles, as it contains, besides innumerable curious, personal, and secret anecdotes, the original love-letters of a certain *belle fiancée*, now residing with a noble family in Grosvenor Square."

Helen heroically resolves to sacrifice herself rather than destroy the happiness of Cecilia and Clarendon; all this is not unobserved by the penetrating, the quick-witted Miss Clarendon, who carries her away to the mountains of Wales, after the following characteristic colloquy:—

"Helen opened the door, and saw—Miss Clarendon. Her voice had sounded so much lower and gentler than usual, that Helen had not guessed it to be hers. She was cloaked, as if prepared to go away, and in the outer room was another lady seated, with her back towards them, and with her cloak on also.

"My aunt Pennant—who will wait for me. As she is a stranger, she would not intrude upon you, Miss Stanley, but will you allow me one minute?"

"Helen, surprised, begged Miss Clarendon to come in, moved a chair towards her, and stood breathless with anxiety. Miss Clarendon sat down, and resuming her abruptness of tone, said, 'I feel that I have no right to expect that you should have confidence in me, and yet I do. I believe in your sincerity, even from the little I know of you, and I have a notion you believe in mine. Do you?'

"I do."

"I wish it had pleased Heaven," continued Miss Clarendon, "that my brother had married a woman who could speak truth! But you need not be afraid; I will not touch on your secrets. On any matter you have in keeping, my honour as well as yours, will command my silence—as will also my brother's happiness, which I have somewhat at heart; not that I think it can be preserved by the means you take. But this is not what I came to say. You mean to go away from this house to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said Helen.

"You are right. I would not stay where I did not esteem, or where I had reason to believe that I was not esteemed. You are quite right to go, and to go directly; but not to your old housekeeper."

"Why not?" said Helen.

"Because, though I dare say she is vastly respectable,—an excellent person in her way, I am convinced,—yet my brother says she might not be thought just the sort of person to whom you should go now—not just the thing for you at present; though, at another time, it would be very well and condescending; but now, when you are attacked, you must look to appearances.—In short, my brother will not allow you to go to this old lady's boarding-house, or cottage, or whatever it may be, at Seven Oaks; he must be able to say for you where you are gone. You must be with me; you must be at Llansillen. Llansillen is a place that can be named. You must be with me—with General Clarendon's sister. You must—you will, I am sure, my dear Miss Stanley. I never was so happy in having a house of my own as at this moment. You will not refuse to return with my aunt and me to Llansillen, and make our home yours? We will try and make it a happy home to you. Try; you see the sense of it: the world can say nothing when you are known to be with Miss Clarendon, and you will, I hope, feel the comfort of it, out of the stir and din of this London world. I know you like the country, and Llansillen is a beautiful place—romantic, too; a fine castle, an excellent library, beautiful conservatory; famous for our conservatories we are

in South Wales; and no neighbours—singular blessing! And my aunt Pennant, you will love her so! Will you try? Come! say that you will."

"But Helen could not; she could only press the hand that Miss Clarendon held out to her. There is nothing more touching, more overcoming, than kindness at the moment the heart is sunk in despair. 'But did General Clarendon really wish you to ask me?' said Helen when she could speak. 'Did he think so much and so carefully for me to the last? And with such a bad opinion as he must have of me!'

"But there you know he is wrong."

"It is like himself," continued Helen, "consistent in protecting me to the last. Oh, to lose such a friend!"

"Not lost, only mislaid," said Miss Clarendon. "You will find him again some fair day or other: truth always comes to light."

These last words were prophetic; time—reasoning—a duel, and some other matters which cannot be explained briefly, set all to rights; the character of Helen was vindicated to the world; the flirtation letters between Cecilia and the Colonel were bought up and burned; and, to conclude in the words of the country toast, the single were married and the married made happy. The moral aim of the authoress is shown in full lustre at the last—and all who read 'Helen, a Tale,' will be convinced of the folly of falsehood and the value of truth.

*History of the British Colonies. Vol. I. India.* By R. Montgomery Martin, Member of the Asiatic Society, &c. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

THE colonial history of the British empire,—or, what is the same thing, the history of the sources of Britain's commercial prosperity,—is a topic whose importance cannot be too highly estimated; it is at the same time a subject presenting difficulties that might daunt the most daring, and requiring labours which the most diligent might hesitate to encounter. Mr. Martin possesses eminent qualifications for the task he has undertaken; he has not merely a taste, but a passion for statistics; a sheet of figures is to him as delightful as a landscape of Claude's to a virtuoso, and he forms tables with as much facility, as if Babbage's calculating engine formed part of his mental machinery. Connected for many years with the Colonies, he has acquired a thorough knowledge of colonial and commercial policy; an economist of no mean order, he has arranged and digested that knowledge, so as to afford information for the past and guidance for the future. Above all, imbued with the purest principles of philanthropy, his aim in all his publications has been, to point out the best means for increasing the amount of human happiness. It is true, he has many prejudices, to which he clings the more fondly because they happen to be unpopular, and among these we may reckon his enthusiastic admiration of the Court of Directors, in whose entire political career he can scarce discover an error.

The work commences with a condensed but satisfactory view of the circumstances that led to the establishment of the British empire in India. It is to be regretted, that he did not prefix an account of the establishment of the Mohammedans in Hindūstan, and show how the British were almost forced to become the heirs of the Mongolian em-

perors. Ferishta's History contains ample proof, that even the government of the tyrants in Delhi, was preferable to the anarchy under the native chiefs.

The second chapter, on the physical condition of India, is rather defective; Mr. Martin is neither a naturalist, nor a geologist, and consequently his account of the structure, and of the animal and vegetable productions of the country, is neither very full nor very accurate; but in the statistics of the provinces he is quite at home, and the fulness of his knowledge enables him to relieve the dry details of his subject by many curious illustrations.

The chapters on government, finance, and commerce, merit high praise; the author has manifestly consulted every available source of information, and condensed the result of his researches with great ability; sound and liberal views of policy are displayed in the chapter on the press, but we could have wished for more definite information respecting the progress of literature among the natives. The chapters on Ceylon and the other Indian dependencies, have the same merits as those on Hindūstan; they have also the same deficiency—too little attention is paid to the religion, literature, and former history of the native population.

*Mithriaca; ou Les Mithriaques. [An Academic Essay on the Worship of Mithras.]* By Joseph Von Hammer. Edited by J. S. Smith. Paris, and Caen.

This work is incomplete; it wants an appendix of oriental texts, to which references are made, and an explanation of the plates in the Atlas, by which it is accompanied. The editor informs us, that this deficiency is to be attributed to the printers, Messrs. Dondey-Dupré, of Paris, from whose office the manuscripts, proofs, and printed sheets of the Appendix were, "at one fell swoop," unaccountably abstracted. The essay, however, is still very valuable, and illustrates the history of opinion during two very important periods.

The worship of Mithra emanated from the religion of Zoroaster, and seems indeed to have formed part of the creed taught by that great religious reformer. It gratifies us to find that the researches of Mr. Von Hammer confirm in every particular our theory, respecting the religious revolution which established that creed in Persia, and the general views of ancient Persian history developed in our review of Shea's *Mirkhond*. (No. 228.) But the more immediate subject of this essay is the effect produced by the introduction of the Mithraic doctrine and ceremonies into the western world, which took place in the age of Pompey, that is, immediately before the promulgation of Christianity.

It is known to most readers of ecclesiastical history, that the battle which the Fathers

† We cannot allude to this work, without noticing a circumstance highly interesting to all who feel anxious for the advancement of civilization in the East. It is well-known, that the eastern nations dislike printed works, because no types can equal the beauty of their calligraphy; the discovery of lithographic printing presented a means of overcoming this difficulty, which has been recently adopted in Bombay. Ferishta's History has just issued from the Bombay lithographic press, and its execution appears almost miraculous; it fully equals in beauty the finest manuscript. We understand that Mr. David Shea intends to publish an edition of *Mirkhond* on the same plan.



of the Church had to fight against the pagan philosophers, was infinitely more severe than that they had to maintain with the pagan priests. Grecian polytheism, with all its poetic beauty, fell the very moment that its claims were fairly stated; but polytheism, shrouded by mysteries, and veiled by allegories, presented no tangible points of attack; and consequently the heathen philosophers, deserting the vulgar path, sought shelter behind the mystic traditions of Egypt and Persia. The Mithraic doctrines being derived from the religion of Zoroaster, the finest system of faith not based on revelation, afforded to the adherents of paganism, a strong defensive position, which they were not slow to occupy; and it is no exaggeration to say, that the existence of polytheism was thus prolonged for a century.

It would be impossible for us to enter into any discussion of the Mithraic doctrines; such a subject would require volumes rather than columns. We feel highly pleased with Von Hammer's work, as far as it goes; but, we trust that he will give us some more extended treatise on a topic so intimately connected with the history of religion, the history of philosophy, and consequently with the history of civilization.

*The Village Patriarch—Love—and other Poems.* By Ebenezer Elliott. Vol. II. Steill.

Is there a spring coming for poets as well as trees? There is certainly something of a flush of blossoms just now, though scanty compared with what we would fain see. Mrs. Hemans has just put forth one, and promises three other volumes—(we had almost said *flowers*); another bright day or two will bring Mary Howitt out; and our old friend, the Corn-Law Rhymers, here presents us with a garland, hardy and well knit enough to have braved the worst storms of mid-winter, but so full of freshness and beauty, as to be fit to take into the woods with us on a bright, still, summer day. We are glad to welcome his *new* poems, (for the earlier ones of the collection are, as our readers will be aware, merely reprints). We are glad that the brave, and occasionally bitter, prose, which he has been lately writing, has not altogether caused him to forget "his lyre's sweet cunning"; and we shall make many a lover of the true and vigorous share our pleasure, by the extracts we shall subjoin from those works with which we and they were not previously familiar.

Is not the following a beautiful picture? It is of a young wife, struck blind by lightning on her wedding day.

Sad, then, it was, to see a form so fair,  
In tears resign'd, though dark not in despair.  
Still on his bosom she could lean and weep,  
And feign a dream of eyelids closed in sleep;  
Still, when with him she walk'd, at eve or morn,  
She could inhale the odours of the thorn;  
And while she hung so helpless on his arm,  
Dependence gave his words a double charm:  
They fell like dew o'er violets on her ear,  
Or like offended Love's forgiving tear  
On man's warm breast. Yet, by the plaining rill,  
The thought would rise, that flowers on every hill  
Were beautiful to every eye, but hers;  
That broom and hawthorn and the armed furze  
Bloom'd, vainly fair, beneath the sapphire sky—  
Still wa'd the birch in memory's happy eye.

The consequences may be foreseen; the husband grows weary of his charge—deserts her—enlists—she is taken to a hospital, and whilst dying,—

Murmurs at length, then voices reach'd her bed;  
There was a letter from her Charles, they said;  
For the last time, like one risen from the tomb,  
She raised her feeble form: a transient bloom  
Flush'd her fall'n cheek: with intermitting breath  
She bent toward the messengers of death,  
As shipwreck'd seamen listen tow'rd the land.  
She held, stretch'd forth, her agitated hand,  
Expecting, not believing, propp'd in bed.  
On one lean arm, and less in hope than dread;  
With feeble shriek, she fell, and tried to rise:  
And strain'd the letter to her sightless eyes.  
And kiss'd it o'er and o'er. But when she heard  
The written words, she lay like death, nor stirr'd  
Grey tress, or wasted limb.

But hear the end of the story; the repentant one comes back.

Beside her cottage door,  
Remember'd well for pranks play'd there of yore,  
He met a woman, lame and bent, whose breast  
Had pillow'd Anna's infant cares to rest;  
One who had taught him many a childish game.  
But when he paused, and ask'd that aged dame,  
In tones that told the sudden dread he felt,  
Not if his Anna lived, but where she dwelt,  
Back shrunk the crone, as from a thing abhorred;  
Then slowly forth she drew, without a word,  
The brooch which, erst, his ill-starr'd Anna wore,  
And, with a look that pierced him to the core,  
Placed in his hand (and turn'd abrupt away)  
A lock of faded hair, too early grey!

It may be interesting to those who have compared the poet of 'The Village Patriarch' with Crabbe, to read the following passage, bearing in mind those exquisite and graceful lines from 'Lady Barbara,' beginning,—

There is not young nor old if Love decrees, &c.  
Our extract is from a poem called—'They met again.'

They met, O Love, had light and beauty be,  
And Chaos had no form, till touch'd by thee!  
Though call'd of old the god of serpent wiles,  
Thou source of sweetest, bitterest tears and smiles!  
Thy voice endears to man the humblest home;  
Fair is the desert, if with love we roam.  
Where barks the fox, by golden broom o'erhung,  
Where coos the fern-fowl o'er her covering young,  
These gloomiest rocks acclaim, with greeting stern,  
To thee the uplands bow their feathery fern:  
Shaking the dewdrop from his raptured wings,  
The waking thrush salutes his mate, and sings:  
With amorous lays the glad rick climbs the sky,  
And Heaven to earth pours down his melody.  
But in thy name when erring mortals sin,  
A plague, a cancer, blackens all within,  
Till life groans loud his hopeless loss beneath,  
And the soul darts into worse than death.  
Then Love's meek question meets with no reply,  
Save the fierce glance in hatred's sullen eye:  
Sad is the day, and sleepless is the night,  
And the rose poisons like the acornite.  
Earth's verdant mantle is become a shroud;  
Sweet Eden's blushes vanish from the cloud;  
The rural walk, that pleased when life was new,  
Where pendant woodbine grows, as erst they grew,  
Can please no more; the mountain air is dead;  
And Nature is a book no longer read.

Is there not between these two passages the precise difference which exists "between the lot of the peaceful fortunate clergyman, and of the anxious care-taught operative"?

But the poem of the book, to our thinking, is the one to which we regret that its author has given the Della Cruscan and far-fetched title of 'Withered Wild-flowers.' It is a New England tale, but how unlike the creation of the lively American authoress! The story is the old and dreary one of crime, and anguish, and death,—but see how beautifully it is treated. The man who could write thus, could reconcile us to almost any subject.

Midnight was past; but not a streak of gray  
Dawn'd in the east, to tell of coming day.  
No murmur on the dreams of silence broke,  
The moon still lound her o'er the gospel-oak,  
Beneath whose shade Newhaven's fathers kept  
Their first sweet sabbath, grateful while they wept  
To think of England, whence their steps were driven,  
To worship in his wilds the God of Heaven.  
Blue, brightly blue, was night's ethereal hall,  
When, like a form that decks some temple's wall,  
And paler than the marble, wander'd forth  
Seneca, the betray'd; and the cold north  
Play'd with her hair, thus sought her feet below,  
And on her shoulders lay like night on snow.  
Crisp in the night-wind shook her single vest;  
The moon look'd calmly on her naked breast,  
And the wan stars beheld with awed delight,  
One like themselves, sad, silent, cold and white.

The victim and her betrayer are both dead. The following is from their funeral scene; Elliott is the speaker; we do not know where we should look, in modern poetry, to find anything finer than the three following passages:—

Of cloudless day, ere noon, is overcast:  
Bright colours soonest fade. We know the past—  
We cannot know the future. Fair we deem  
Of what seems fair, and well and wisely dream  
That human good can last, though change is near  
To wake and mock us. And when guilt and fear  
Turn o'er the unlock'd pages of the heart,  
Well may we shudder if the angels start  
And read in pale surprise!—in that sad tomb  
Lie youth and beauty blasted in their bloom.  
Let dust inform our hearts that sin is woe!  
Once—but my tears will flow, and let them flow!  
Nor would I be the only weeper here.  
My friends, ye also weep; and we'll the tear  
Becomes you. Jesus wept.—Ye modest maids,  
Loveliest in tears, like flowers that woo the shades!  
She once was blest'd, and beautiful like you!  
Ye, pure in heart, she once was spotless too!

The next is a fearful picture of remorse:—

Foot-sore, and weary, and in soul distress'd,  
I was returning from the travel'd west:  
The night was gloom unbroken; and I lost  
My way amid the many paths that cross'd  
The dangerous forest. Long and far I went,  
Still more and more astray, and vainly sent  
My voice for help through echoing gloom abroad.  
At last a red light from a lone abode  
Flash'd through the kindling verdure. Vast and high,  
The building darken'd on the starless sky.  
Deserted, and all-tenantless it seem'd;  
And yet the brightness of a pine-fire gleam'd  
Wide from the centre of the ample floor.  
Apart I stood, and through the open door  
Survey'd awhile, in fear, that vault-like room:  
Its vast retiring depth was lost in gloom.  
I spoke—I shouted; from disturb'd repose  
Behind the fire a startled wretch arose,  
Casting his lengthen'd shadow far aloof,  
That, like a spell-raised giant, propp'd the roof,  
And, lighted from below, his features wan  
Seem'd such as fear would not ascribe to man.  
Like a stray'd captive by his gaoler found,  
His terror utter'd a despairing sound,  
While fast he grasp'd with both his hands his hair,  
Gazing on darkness with a murderer's stare.  
Thick o'er his brow one raven lock was roll'd,  
And at his feet Seneca's terrier howl'd.

The last, more gentle, describes the softened heart, and the wandering restless fancies of the dying man, with a felicity and feeling which remind us of him who could throw poetry round the last moments of Falstaff, and make him "babbler of green fields."

And oft—his only visitor—I sought  
The hermit of the desert; for I thought  
That He, who died for all, might yet impart  
The grace that passeth utterance to his heart;  
And alteration in his eye to me  
Seem'd heaven-sent hope, and growing piety.  
But weak and weaker hourly he became;  
More frequent tremors shook his faded frame;  
A deadly hectic flush'd his fallen cheek,  
His voice was changed to treble, small and weak;  
Pain in his eye subdued th' expression wild,  
The Misanthrope was gentle as a child;  
And he complain'd that oft the light was green,  
That blue sparks girt his bed, in darkness seen,  
And that the rushes on the floor had wings,  
And moved, and flew, like animated things.  
Then would he mourn his nights unblest with sleep,  
And bend his face upon my knee and weep,  
And say that he had wished in vain to die;  
And that (although he shrunk when death seem'd  
nigh.)  
Oft had he gazed upon the heaving main,  
And long'd to leap, and turn'd, and look'd again.

*Narrative of a Tour in North America, &c.*  
By Henry Tudor. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

According to our promise, we return to these volumes, and shall now give the few extracts for which we could not conveniently find room when our first notice was published. Here, however, we think it just to Mr. Tudor, to state, that though we cannot conscientiously commend his work, we believe him to have been influenced by the very best feelings in publishing it—a desire to rectify the misrepresentations of others. "Nothing

was farther from the author's intention, than the publication of the remarks that might be suggested in the course of his excursion; and had he not perceived an unhappy and unwarrantable tendency in American tourists, particularly in the authoress of a work entitled 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' to sully the fair reputation, and to depreciate whatever is excellent in the rising greatness of our Transatlantic brethren, his observations would have been confined to the narrow sphere of his own family circle." Like professions are common enough with travellers, but there is throughout Mr. Tudor's work such considerate good feeling, that it is impossible to doubt his sincerity.

Here is an account of his visit to the grave of Washington:—

"We visited the private tomb in the grounds, distant but a short way from the house, and shaded by a few cedars, within which repose his mortal remains; and I must own my disappointment in beholding the grave of such a man at once so mean and so neglected. It had, in truth, the appearance of an old brick-kiln that had been closed up, and for which, had I not known what it was, I should doubtless have taken it.

"We afterwards passed through the garden; but all was forlorn and in a state of dilapidation. For this we could have accounted, had the house been untenanted and deserted. However, that was not the case, as we were kindly permitted to walk over it; and were shown, among other things, a portrait of Washington on part of an earthen pitcher, which, having been broken, had been preserved by the family, who esteemed it the best likeness of him that had ever been made. We had shown to us, also, the key of the Bastille of Paris, hung up in the hall; but by what means it came there, we were not informed.

"In returning through Alexandria, on our way back to the city, we visited the museum of that place, where the various relics of the departed hero were preserved with, apparently, as much religious veneration as those of a patron saint by the most enthusiastic devotees. To give you a specimen of some of the articles: one was an elegant satin robe, in which Washington was baptized, and which struck me as being rather aristocratic for a simple republican. At all events, the distinction was not *his*, as not being exactly of an age, when he wore it, to make it a dress of his own adoption. Another was a pen-knife, given to him by his mother when he was twelve years old, and which he had preserved for fifty-six years. A third article was a pearl button, taken from the coat that he wore when first installed into office as President of the United States. A fourth was the last stick of sealing-wax that he used, and the last letter ever written by him, declining an invitation of himself and Mrs. Washington to a ball at Alexandria, and containing the expression, 'Alas! our dancing days are over.'"

In South America, our traveller visits the Mining districts, where so much English gold has been lost in search of Spanish silver, and descends into the famous Real del Monte.

"The vein of silver ore, now unfolded to our view, forms a closely compacted component part of the solid rock, on the surface of which are perceived the glittering particles of the precious metal. It is hewn in small pieces with prodigious labour, requiring the best and sharpest instruments, and a plentiful supply of gunpowder, in order to blast what cannot be otherwise procured. The dip of the vein from a perpendicular, forms an angle of about 15°; so that in following the ore the depth continually increases, and the steam-engine is required to be in almost continual operation in order to discharge the

water, that flows in upon the workmen, by means of shafts, levels, and excavations, made for that purpose. The veins of silver are principally found in primitive and transition rocks, of which the porphyries are esteemed the richest.

"I had no adequate idea whatever of the enormous toil and expense to be encountered before a single shilling could be coined, from the first breaking of the stone to the subsequent smelting, amalgamation, and running of the metal into bars. The works are principally carried on by Mexicans, under the superintendence of Englishmen, many of whom are obliged to stand for hours together up to their knees and middle in water, hammering, boring, drilling, and blasting, night and day, by the light of candles stuck on the points of the rock, and on their hats; the two portions of this period being assigned to distinct bodies of men successively relieving each other. The appearance of so many subterranean galleries traversing and intersecting each other through an almost interminable length, and where, in some instances, you are compelled to crawl on your hands and feet—the appalling sound of the blasting rocks reverberating through these dismal caverns with a terrific echo, as if the superincumbent mountain were rushing down upon you—the sickly and lurid glare of a hundred flickering tapers gleaming around you—and the anti-mundane aspect of this second race of Cyclops, driving their wedges and thundering away in their mining avocations,—produce as startling and astounding a sensation as an inhabitant of the upper regions of earth could well experience, and much more than he could imagine. Give me a crust of bread, with a glass of cold water, under the blessed light of the sun, and without ever seeing the face of a single shilling, rather than all the hidden wealth of the mine, if alone to be procured by working for it in these gloomy shades of 'Chaos and old Night!'"

The pleasure which awaits the traveller who descends into these dripping excavations on his return to upper air, is generally a fever; and should he escape disease and the doctor, he is apt to be waylaid by some of those fierce adventurers, half civilized, who live in the woods, and shoot down a deer or a tourist, when they want food or money. These bandits are well armed and well mounted, and carry the formidable lasso, with which they pluck the traveller from his horse by the neck, and trail him along the ground till he expires. The following story is well told:—

"A rather startling instance of its formidable character was communicated to me by Mr. Hotchkiss, an American officer of the United States army, which personally occurred to himself during a journey he was taking on horseback, accompanied by a native servant, through one of the provinces of Mexico. Both were well mounted, and armed with pistols and swords; a circumstance absolutely requisite for every traveller passing through the country; and, in addition to these, his attendant carried a lasso, in the use of which he was sufficiently expert. On arriving at an intricate and lonely part of the road, they were suddenly attacked by three robbers on horseback, who issued from a species of ambuscade in a wood, where they appeared to have been lying. The highwaymen, when within a dozen yards of the travellers, called out to them to stop and surrender their money. The appeal was speedily answered, by the American drawing forth a pistol from his holsters, with which he immediately shot dead the first of the three who approached, and instantly ordered his servant to make use of his lasso. More dexterous in the management of this weapon than of the pistol, he obeyed the order, and wheeling his horse on one side, while the robbers were rushing on his master to revenge

their fallen companion, he whirled round his thong, and threw it with unerring aim over the head of the assailants. The effect was instantaneous; the captured ruffian was in a moment hurled from his saddle and dragged along the ground at no very gentle pace, as you may imagine, at the heels of the lasso-bearer's horse. The third villain, after firing his pistol at the American, fortunately without effect, perceiving the fate of his two comrades, hastily turned round, and putting spurs to his steed, galloped off and made good his retreat. As the danger was now over, the servant dismounted for the purpose of disentangling the noose from the neck of his vanquished foe, whose body presented a hideous spectacle. His neck appeared to be broken, his features were mangled by the stones over which he had been so violently dragged, his face suffused with blood, his clothes torn to pieces, and the spark of life extinct. There he was left along with the corpse of his lawless companion, to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, while the American, who was a man of athletic form, and possessed of the professional courage of a soldier, prosecuted his journey without further molestation."

With this we conclude.

*The Frolics of Puck.* 3 vols. Bull & Churton.

This is a bold work, and that in a two-fold way. It is bold—some will say presumptuous—to lift the magic wand of Shakspeare, and, waving it on English ground, summon Puck and his merry companions to renew their pranks in a second Midsummer night's dream; and it is perhaps bolder still to take the Utilitarian association by the nose, and, instead of teaching a blacksmith how to make a horse-shoe, or a mason to hew a stone, as some of those wise men did, bring back Oberon and Titania, with Robin Goodfellow, and their elvish train, to amend the morality and punish the follies of the people of England. We never imagined that, even in romance, elves would be brought again to earth, to bathe in the dew of cowslips; ride post on the wings of the dragon-moth; hunt the bat for his leather plumes, or the bee for his bag of honey; or, benevolently aiding mankind, proceed, by means of pranks and wiles, to scare misers into deeds of mercy, drunkards into sober men—a hard task; pester the presumptuous till they grow humble, and the proud till they become courteous; keeping watch and ward, in short, over innocence and beauty, and punishing the sordid and the vile.

We are not, however, of those, who, acquainted only with the world which lies between Whitechapel and Hyde-park Corner, laugh at all rustic creeds and superstitious influences, and think them worthy only of contempt and derision: on the contrary, we respect them as the reliques of an ancient faith, and as the expiring lights of the public imagination. We know, too, that in pastoral and secluded places, such beliefs still exist; but then they are torpid rather than active: knowledge has frozen up all the fountains of superstition, and, like the anatomist who doubted of the soul, because he could not detect it with his knife, the public will believe in nothing which is not seen and felt. The warlock's staff lies broken; the witches' charm is of no avail; the sound of the brownies' flail is no longer heard; nor are fairies any more seen moving in midnight procession among the pasture mountains to the sound of

their elfin minstrelsy. It is true that we remember a brighter day of belief: an old dame, of our acquaintance, had been all but present at a fairies' bridal; a ploughman, whom we remember in his eightieth year, had his life prolonged by drinking a cup of elfin wine at one of their nocturnal banquets; a sportsman, who lived in our dale, shot at a mysterious-looking hare one day, when he was half tipsy, but was sobered by puss putting on the form of an old woman limping from age. These things are awakened in our memory by the book before us, of which it is more than time to give some account.

The idea of the work we think, though not original, is entitled to praise; nor is the execution of the task much amiss; there are passages, and long ones too, of no common beauty, abounding with life, and fun, and fancy. The author imagines the world to be in the same state, as to belief and manners, in which it stood when the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was written, and has supposed that Oberon and his Faery Queen were still in something like the sullens, respecting the "changeling," of whom Shakespeare represents his majesty to be suspicious. On the side of Oberon we find Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a tricky sprite, and on that of Titania, there is Pease Blossom, Mustard Seed, and Cobweb, and other such gossamer companions. Honest Robin, bold in his master's quarrel, seats himself on a cloud, and as the queen, attired in full spring beauty, with all her train, is on her way to her fairy lord, all feathered and jewelled, she is almost smothered in a storm of hail which Puck directs against her. She complains of him at the throne, and sentence of banishment is pronounced on the culprit, till he can discover "what it is that most pleases woman." Away goes Puck, a fugitive and a vagabond; and his adventures, in quest of a solution of the royal riddle, fill up the three volumes.

There are four "Frolics," or adventures, in all: the first is called 'Calshot Castle,' and the scene is laid in its neighbourhood, the New Forest, and the borders of the Southampton Waters. Puck, in the disguise of a gipsy, carries a young sailor to the Castle, to introduce him to the owner; assumes, himself, the aspect and bearing of the lord of the manor, and when his comrade is well nigh drunk, sends him for more wine to the cellar, where he meets with the following whimsical adventure:—

"Frank looked around him in high admiration of these arrangements and of the ample provision of wine, enough he calculated to last a reasonable toper for his lifetime, amongst whom, however, he did not include his lordship. Kneeling down, for in no other way could he contrive to reach the cup, he applied himself to the nearest cask, and endeavoured to draw out the peg, which acted the part of a spigot; but the tenacious wood kept its place the firmer for his efforts. Still he persisted, till suddenly he was interrupted by a smart rap on the knuckles, while at the same time a small, husky voice called out, 'leave that pipe alone! it's mine.' Looking up in surprise at this unpleasant comment on his labours, he spied a fat little urchin straddling across the barrel, in size and form the very prototype of those chubby representatives of Bacchus, who at one time were the frequent ornaments of the lower class of inns, and even now are occasionally to be met with in similar situations, either in transparency over the door, or making a more solid appearance in

carved wood. This singular apparition created a strange confusion in his brain, already in more than sufficient disorder from drinking, and, jumping up from his knees, with the cup in one hand and the candle in the other, he confronted his opponent, though without being able for some time to give speech to his astonishment. The goblin seemed to enjoy his surprise prodigiously; he pouted up his lips, nodded with a cunning leer, as much as to say, 'look on! it's I, nobody but I,' and merrily switched the cask he rode on with his vine-rod—the very identical instrument, by the by, which had so forcibly expressed his dislike to any felonious intromission with the wine under his guardianship. When Frank could gather so much breath from his wonder, he demanded of the elf 'where he came from?'

"'From the moon,' was the ready answer."

The tricky spirit, however, behaves honestly in this affair; he rewards fidelity and affection, and is so much pleased with what he has done, that he imagines a woman loves most the company of her lover. On reflection, this solution of the riddle seems unsatisfactory, and so he embarks in a second "Frolic," the name of which is 'Trouble Fields'; the scene shifts to the Isle of Wight. In this adventure Puck personates the Duke of Buckingham, on the evening after Felton's dagger had dealt him a death-blow, and with extraordinary skill and fancy works so upon the feelings of the two suitors of a young beauty of the island, that he shows the evil nature of the one and the noble nature of the other, and enables the young lady to make a happy choice. This goes but a short way in solving the riddle, and Puck plunges into "Frolic" the third: the scene continues in the Isle of Wight. The mortal hero of this adventure is Alfred, a young spendthrift, and, what is worse, an habitual drunkard. But what will true love not accomplish? Marian, a physician's daughter, loves him, and in spite of the ministrations of Puck, who presents to her lover a silver cup in which wine for ever wells, she succeeds in reclaiming him, and weds him—nor is the elfin sulky; he appears at the wedding, and bestows a bridal gift. There are some admirable scenes in this wild story—the attempt of Alfred to get rid of the fairy cup is well told:—

"If it gave him some difficulty to adopt this resolve, it cost him still more to carry it into effect. In the words of the Poet it was 'multa gemens,' with many a groan, that he took his way to Luccombe Chine, where in the near vale lay a neglected well, the depth of which, like the Gully in Chertsey Meads, was said to be unfathomable. This was a bad choice, if all was true that was spoken, for according to the popular faith wells are the common haunt of fairies—unless, indeed, he was influenced by an excess of honesty and wished to return the good people their borrowed treasure.

"From his manner any one would have imagined he carried some living animal under his cloak, so extremely affectionate was he in his caresses of the hidden goblet, hugging it to his bosom and apostrophising it from time to time with the most passionate devotion. Matters were still worse when he actually stood on the brink of the well with the doomed vessel in his hand. Now, for the first time he observed the figure of a beautiful female in high relief upon the lid, of a workmanship so exquisite as for a moment to withdraw his attention from thoughts of more serious import. Strange to say, the image seemed to return him gaze for gaze, and to look at him most beseechingly, as if imploring him not to throw her into the water, a fate,

which, setting aside the indignity of being drowned like some supernumerary blind kitten, might in reason be supposed peculiarly disagreeable to one, who was the presiding genius of a wine-cup. This, however, only rendered him more desperate, and wisely thinking that if the devil of beauty joined the devil of wine in his temptations, a poor sinner like himself would stand no chance, he flung the goblet from him into the well, and down it went bounding from side to side, each blow being followed by a shrill sound that might almost have passed for the cry of something human. Alf began to think that it would never reach the spring. At length, however, he heard a tremendous splash, a sure sign that the wine and water had met, but so little did the purer element relish his new acquaintance that it immediately began to hiss and boil, and, brimming over the well, it placed Alf ankle-deep in its flood before he could recover from his amazement. The prospect of being drowned, if he remained, awoke him to the full use of his faculties, and away he scampered up the hill, followed at a furious rate by his elemental enemy. But run as he would, the water rose yet faster, and in a few seconds he found himself floundering and splashing about, while in the depths below all sorts of grotesque monsters were mocking and mowing at him. There were huge polypi with a hundred arms, all stretched towards him, and grasping as if to pull their prey down to the bottom, where the cruel shark lay in wait and gigantic crabs pointed their tremendous claws to seize and crush him. In this crisis an unlooked-for ally appeared in the shape of Grey Mantel, who, catching him by the hair, gave him a hearty ducking, and then flung him on the dry land with no more ceremony than he might have used to an old piece of sea-weed. In an instant Alf had regained his feet, and without stopping to look over his shoulder he fled home on wings that were plumed with terror."

This experiment, though it has reclaimed a drunkard, leaves the riddle still unsolved; Puck therefore quits the Isle of Wight, and at St. Leonard's, in the New Forest, resolves to try "Frolic" the fourth. The heroine of this tale is Lady Emily Monkton: she has three lovers, two of whom are sordid unworthy fellows, and on them Puck pours all his elfin indignation. It happened that a ruined friary stood nigh the young lady's house, which had the reputation of being haunted, and into this place, at midnight, one of the suitors is inveigled by a wager—he had soon reason to repent him of his visit.

"In the midst of all this turmoil between the desire of sleep and the usual occupants of his brain, he was not a little startled by the deep echoes of a curfew bell, that apparently came from the roofless chapel hard by. His eyes opened with involuntary motion at the sound, when they were greeted with that which made him draw yet more closely into his nook. A host of friars, jolly little personages, not more than three feet high, but of conventional rotundity, swarmed upon the timbers above, some striding across the beams in hobby-horse fashion, some dangling by a single hand, and others, of a yet merrier mood, standing upon their heads and bumping at a furious rate along the rafters. To forbear watching these mad pranks was impossible even to a frightened man. His fears gradually gave way to increasing interest in the scene, when a rosy-cheeked brother, who sat on a lofty beam at the gable end of the building, and who seemed to be on the look out, began to call upon the absent father-abbot to return to his duties. This hint was taken by the whole fraternity, their gambols ceasing on the instant, and all joining the watchman in his summons.



## Watchman.

Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
Jolly Rob, we wait for you.  
In what corner are you hidden?  
At what merry prank forbidden?  
Are you now *colt-play* playing,  
Silly foals around you neighing!  
Or with tricky visions creeping  
On the brain of maiden sleeping.

## Second Voice.

It may be some maid he shrives;  
Or gives counsel to the wives,  
Teaching them the way to fool  
Mates unapt to lawful rule;  
Or he skins the cream-bowl set  
By the friends who love him yet.  
Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
Jolly Rob, we wait for you.

## Third Voice.

Leave the bowl and leave the maid,  
Curfew tolls the hour of shade;  
Here is work that must be done,  
Ere the rising of the sun;  
Barley, wheat, and oats a store—  
We must thresh them on the floor.  
Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
Jolly Rob, we wait for you.

"Thus invoked on all sides, the Abbot suddenly bounced in upon them, like a coal leaping from the fire amongst a party of Christmas gossips, and a pretty Abbot he was!—except that he carried a flail for a crosier, his appearance would have reminded any one of the Boy-bishop of the old game, for though his body was round as an ale-barrel, his face had all the rosy freshness of childhood before the down is on the cheek. The holy friar handled his weapon with singular dignity, and chanted forth a reply with as much unction as if he had been celebrating high mass in the Cathedral-Church at Winchester, to the great edification, as it seemed, of his tiny auditors.

## Friar Rush.

Here am I with ready flail:  
When did Friar Rush e'er fail?  
Bring Sir John the bearded knight,  
Black and blue I'll thresh the wight;  
Bring Don Wheatstar,—he shall quake,  
Every bone within him ache;  
Bring me surley yeoman, Oat,  
I will trim his yellow coat.  
In the coigne no idler lurk,  
They, who eat, must stoutly work  
Till the morning cock shall crow,  
And we're off with ho! ho! ho!

And the whole party joined in chorus—

Ho! ho! ho!  
Mock and mow,  
Till the early cock shall crow.

"While the walls were yet ringing with their jovial voices, down slipped the friars, much after the fashion of a flock of sparrows dropping from the tree, on which they have been keeping watch, into the barn-yard below. No sooner had the Abbot of this elfin monastery alighted on his feet, than he began to sniff and give other tokens of his nose having received some mortal offence. "Ugh! ugh! all is not right here. Ugh! ugh! methinks you have not swept the floor clean to-night."

The suitor is discovered, and prettily pinched, and plucked, and tormented. In this last of his fields Puck discovers, to his infinite joy, that what woman loves best is her own will; with this on his lips, he makes his appearance suddenly at the fairy court; the solution of the royal riddle is accepted as the true one, and there is nothing but mirth among all the elves, and fays, and fairies, at the return of their joyous companion.

That passages much too whimsical, and even whole chapters such as must make many gape with astonishment, are to be found in these volumes, we have no desire to deny; but all readers who have any share of imagination will find much after their own heart; a fine vein of poetic fancy runs through the whole; there is not a little humour as well as wild fun: nor will those

who insist upon the truth of nature being preserved in fiction be wholly disappointed; they will find domestic manners and homebred tastes cleverly delineated; nay, the most extravagant sallies in the work are in keeping with what was once popular belief.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Vol. X.—*The Baronet*, by Miss Julia Corner.'—The Library of Romance has always had our best wishes for its success. We approve of the spirit with which it was entered upon; and have not only a high opinion of the talents of its Editor, but also a kind feeling towards all works in which literary men venture their own capital—nor is it in our nature, we trust, to say one severe or sarcastic word to a debutante, who is modest and sensible enough to send forth her first venture without preface or pleading: but, critical justice compels us to hint to the Editor, in all friendliness, that a tale published with the sanction of his name, should be something more than a mere harlequinade of anonymous notes, with their consequent mysteries and unravellings—of insipid flirtations—elopements, and weddings. The day for such works is gone, but if we must have them, we should prefer their being administered deliberately in five-volume doses, by Anne or Swansie, or Elizabeth Helme, when a purchaser may make his election at once, whether to read or not to read. If life and society were such as this young lady describes, the best chronicle thereof would be to be found at the Olympic. We have seen the Queen of its revels exercise her powers of fascination on the suspicious, the sensitive, or the sulky, on the plan of the fair Louise in this story-book, at least a dozen times, and a dozen times more successfully.

'Church and School', by the Rev. James White, Vicar of Loxley.'—This is a strange little volume, and assuredly it will make a stir. The Rev. James White is, it appears, the author of 'The Village Poor House', a poem, which we yet remember to have read with surprise and pleasure. The present is of a somewhat different character, but the same hand is visible. It is a dialogue in verse, between "a good old tory of the good old school," and "a brother churchman." The passages we shall select will explain the nature of the argument.

*Friend.* Are our pastors blind, or heed they not  
The change on all things else that time has wrought,—  
How learning—once the charter of their band—  
Is spreading in a flood thro' all the land;  
And blush they not, 'mid penitential tears,  
This light is drawn from other urns than theirs?  
Or dream they that the deluge they can stem?  
Or that the law is still an ark for them,  
To carry them in safety o'er the tide  
That rolls above the wreck of all beside?  
Dark were their prospect, if their influence leant  
On nothing save an "Act of Parliament"—  
If Statute,—Cap.—and Anno Dom.—supplied  
The only aid on which their hopes relied.  
But other help is theirs—a spell remains  
To bind their foes. . . . .

*Rubric.* What spell is theirs? . . . . .  
*Fr.* Let faction lose its power, and zeal be shown  
More for their Master's interests than their own.  
With careful patience let them lend their aid  
To mend what fraud or malice hath decay'd;  
To cleanse their temple from the spots of sin,  
Which make it weak without, and foul within;—  
By acts like these their lives shall be endear'd,  
And Love shall guard the altars Law has rear'd.

The Church can fear no loss,  
Kept safe beneath the shadow of the Cross;  
Its rights and privileges and power shall stay  
Till heaven and earth and all shall pass away.  
And safe shall be our Church, if she relies  
On him who has the pow'r to make her wise,  
And trusts not to her wealth, and pomp, and state,  
Which only have the pow'r to make her great.  
Her riches, rank, and station law may away,  
All else law neither gives nor takes away.

*Rub.* What else? of riches, greatness, rank, bereft  
By law,—pray tell me what by law is left!  
*Fr.* All that the Saviour left his servants; all,  
Save Miracles, which Christ bestowed on Paul.

Pow'r to exhort, rebuke, confirm, and teach,  
"The gospel to the poor and lost" to preach;  
To raise the lowly, comfort the distressed,  
And show mankind the method to be best.

The Friend is a wise and liberal friend, and desires to see the church strong in the affections, and secure in the knowledge of the people, and, therefore, is he a friend to education.

When Ignorance, tho' blissful once, supplies  
Our bliss no more, 'tis wisdom to be wise.  
But if the Church oppose the School's career,  
And Education's course awake her fear;  
Such fear will show her weakness: if her reign  
Is just, the School her empire will sustain;  
But if injustice stains her, if she rears  
Her sceptre 'mid our curses and our tears;  
And, while the land is poor, in wealth she rolls,  
And starves alike our bodies and our souls;  
The School, no doubt, will hurl her to the dust,  
And who shall murmur at a fate so just?  
But if with honest zeal her care she bends,  
To soften foes, and make more firm her friends,—  
To win the stray'd, the virtuous to respect,  
Tho' conscience leads them to some other sect—  
To amend her faults, and teach, where'er she can,  
Glory to God—on earth good-will to man—  
The Church shall be indeed our Country's pride,  
The rich man's trust, the poor man's friend and guide.

We think there will be a good deal of shoudering, and more shaking of heads than hands at the next Visitation.

'Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. Vol. X.'—This volume contains 'The Lord of the Isles,' and is illustrated by engravings of Staffa, and Loch Coriskin, from the drawings of Turner. The poem has more tenderness and less fire than Marmion, and though very varied, must take rank as the fourth great gothic romance of the poet. The scenes supplied by the painter are not much to our liking; the basaltic regularity of Staffa, has been obliged to bend to the whim of the painter, and, amid the cloud-like rocks of Coriskin, we looked anxiously for the Loch, and are not sure that we found it. Turner may tumble clouds about as he likes, and even raise up the sea in "undulation vast," but we object to his moving the solid rocks, and the everlasting hills, in order to make them look more picturesque.—The notes added to the pages of the poem are not numerous: among them we find an extract from one of Sir Walter Scott's private journals, which he kept during a tour through the Scottish Islands. He was perhaps one of the most accurate of all describers, either in verse or prose; he never used an epithet, which failed to intimate the colour, or shape, or character of the object. He scattered no words at random: if he spoke of a grey tower, he meant literally what he said; his streams run as pure in nature as in his verse; and the painter who cannot paint from his landscapes is no master.—A few "occasional pieces" of verse are added to the volume, all of which have appeared elsewhere; two of them are on the King's visit to Scotland, and are scarcely worthy of the poet. Yet it is right to preserve them; they cannot but cheer young bards, who may feel frightened with the unapproachable fire and impetuosity of Marmion, the romantic grandeur of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, or the Lady of the Lake.

'SACRED CLASSICS, No. II. *Cave's Lives of the Apostles*. Vol. I. With an Introduction by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.'—Cave was one of the most industrious scholars and honest writers that England has produced; he spared no pains to discover the truth—when attained, he never coloured it, but placed the fact and its proofs simply before his readers: when certainty was not to be had, he stated that the case was doubtful, and never endeavoured to disguise ignorance by invention. The lives of those chosen by the Author of the Christian Faith to diffuse his doctrines, the difficulties they encountered, and the persecutions they endured, have, from the earliest ages of the church, excited a deep interest in every Christian community. Unfortunately, the materials for gratifying this laudable curiosity were few and scattered: room was thus af-

fording for the legends of dreaming monks, and the jejune inventions of artful impostors. Scarcely was there a heretical sect in the early ages of Christianity, that did not produce its own forgeries of Gospels, Lives of the Saints, and Apostolic Epistles. Too many of the orthodox descended to the same artifice, until at length the Martyrologies became extravagant romances, and the lives of saints as apocryphal as those of the Champions of Christendom. The necessary consequence was, that when these fictions were discarded, the truths united with them in unholy alliance, were also distrusted. Cave thought that it would be a useful labour to separate the grain from the chaff, and, undaunted by the severe and irksome toil, he undertook it and succeeded. No better proof can be given of his success than the approbation his work has received from all sects and parties.—Many have been disposed to controvert his opinions, but no one has ventured to question his facts; and now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, his work is received as standard authority both by Catholics and Protestants.

The judicious and temperate introduction prefixed to the work by its present editor, contains one of the best estimates of ecclesiastical traditions we remember to have seen. In the true spirit of Christian charity, that "thinketh no evil," Mr. Stebbing shows how tradition originated in the church, and how closely the desire to preserve some personal trait of those we admire is interwoven with the best feelings of our hearts.

'*The Tyrol*, &c. by H. D. Ingles, 2nd edit.—When a first edition is exhausted within a month of publication, the public have justified the good opinion of the critics, and we may rest content with announcing the second.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## BREEZES AND BILLOWS.

(WRITTEN IN A GALE.)

If I were only on dry land,  
And safely off the sea—  
Let it be low, or eke, high land,  
If but true land it be;—  
The sea might be a washing tub  
For Neptune and his wife,  
The breeze that blows might dry their clothes,  
I'd lead an earthly life.  
The captain shows his studding sail  
With pride, when fair the breeze;  
His pride with me will not prevail,  
—I'd rather see some trees!  
I only like the breeze that blows  
From flowers, the morning dew,  
And not a ranting gale that throws  
Myself and chair askew.  
I wish I were at home, I know,  
Among the stocks and stones;  
This tossing makes my spirits low,  
And very sore my bones!  
But I've a friend who will not fear,  
He calls the sea sublime;—  
It may be so—but I am clear,  
I like it best in rhyme!  
'Tis very easy getting in  
These waves—but out is hard;  
I'm not a fish—I've not a fin—  
I cannot swim a yard!  
And I would rather find a shark  
In me, (when nicely fried),  
Than find myself all dead and stark,  
Some day in *his* inside!  
I wish I were in town, I know!  
I would not much mind where,—  
Only, by choice, I'd rather go  
Where I could take a fare;  
A coach or cab—I'd not be nice,  
(When *will* this breeze give o'er?)  
Nor would I grumble at the price,  
Though half-a-crown or more.

## THE LITERATURE OF GERMANY.

## GERMAN POETS—HENRY HEINE.

By Edgar Quinet.

"Are you sleeping or waking, sister?" is the question which we, in France, are constantly tempted to ask of Germany. Is this "sleeping beauty" dreaming for another hundred years, that no one has any tidings of her? Has she no more names to teach us—no more day-dreams—no more visions—no more systems—no more poems—no more songs to murmur in the ear of old Society, who is weaving her shroud? Whilst France, that industrious labourer, was performing her hard task through peace and war, without taking an hour's respite; whilst she was building up, and throwing down, and kneading her clay with her blood and her tears,—afar off,—and most of all in Germany, the quire of poets was never silent. To amuse her after her labour, there came from a distance, at the close of the day, a fresh breeze bearing their songs. While her people were destroying her people—whilst they were undermining thrones with their pickaxes—whilst they were removing crowns—the sound of the distant harmony of foreign lands was ever reaching us,—poor labourers without reward, and giving us courage; these unknown names made us raise our heads, and we thereby saw clearly that our task was not finished. At one time it was Ossian, and he who most rejoiced in him was called Napoleon. Another time, at the end of a long day, it was Schiller; and, on another day, when we had gained still more, Goethe; and on another evening, Byron; and afterwards, when, under the restoration, we entirely sunk under our burdens, the brilliant fantasies of J. Paul and Hoffmann, who received their light from our lamp. Every one of these new names was as the invasion of an idea, which descended from its mountain, sliding on its shield. Sometimes we began to think that this invasion was never to end; and, for my part, I recollect that in the early day of my life, when I had passed the frontier, in the direction of the Black Forest, I expected to find under every tree and every shrub of the north, an idea armed *cap-à-pie*, with its helmet on its head, sitting on the grass, and ready to pass the frontier. Near how many springs have I spent endless hours, expecting something, which would resemble in the distance the Undine of the romance of the fisherman! I declare that at that time I never entered the house of a Protestant minister, (I then knew many,) and never sat under the chestnut trees in his court, without having as often found amongst the members of his family, the Louisa of Voss, Werter, Herrmann, and Dorothea. Under the flowering almond trees of the Necker, I never heard the voice of a girl calling me, that I did not recognize, without being once deceived, Margaret, Clara, Mignon, and in that place particularly, the Leonora of Burger's ballad, with her pale cheeks. All these poetic fancies had a real life for me. I believed them to be gathered together in inexhaustible numbers, in every village of the Odenwald; and I did not knock at a door of the Bergstrasse, without imagining that it was one of those doors of ivory, whence the poet made to issue, at his pleasure, the dreams which then filled the world.

Once more—Is it, indeed, now all over? Hath the North sent us all its visions? do not its shadows conceal one other—one more phantom of love? Is it true that there will no more appear above our path one of those glorious meteor-travellers, whom we call Scott,—Byron,—and who permit us to drink from their urns, filled with the tears of another clime? Is this true? or rather is it only a sign that it is time for us to depend on ourselves alone—that we have no longer shelter for visions, save such

as we fabricate ourselves—that we must henceforward live upon our own substance, and that the world is already weary of lending us it shadows?

When I look towards Germany, sadness possesses my heart, and I am already eager to lay down my pen. For behold this great country, from a land of Faith and Love, has become, in its turn, the empire of doubt and passion. It were a long and miserable history, to trace the progress of doubt among a people, whom religion has so entirely satiated, that they will away with no more, and with whom mysticism has ended at the same point with scepticism amongst us. It were only to show the efforts of that people to arrest its own fall, and to float yet awhile longer upon wandering creeds, ere it sunk, never to rise again. The same conflicts which her Luther underwent during his watchings—the cryings out—the weepings—the sighings—the groanings—these same has Germany endured upon her lonely pillow—behind her curtains—in that long waking-time of glory, which began with Frederic and finished with Goethe. For it is not in an hour that she has reached the spot where we stand. She has offered her adoration to all things; and in this downfall of heaven upon earth, everything has given way under her hand, and sunk with her. When the realm of letters reeled, she took refuge in intellect; and when intellect, utterly ruined by mysticism, in its turn gave way at the point where her faith failed, she betook herself to the worship of philosophy—that was the time of Fichte and Schelling—and then, this empire being undermined, fell into the  *nihilism*  of Hegel, and it was necessary to make another god.

There was once a time when patriotism served religion, when men prayed in battle, and faith was retempered in blood; when the *Te Deum* of Leipzig arose fearlessly in its cathedral, from the midst of smoke and confusion: and this faith, the most easy to maintain, has, in its turn, passed away with the smoke of the bivouacs. There remained, at least, the worship of Art. Her shrine had always been preserved. But Goethe, whom she adored, himself destroyed it. Thus Germany has descended into doubt with the same honest earnestness which she had shown in ascending into faith. It has not been, as with others, by the irremediable and sudden fall of a day, but by an infinity of steps and circuits, regulated beforehand. I see her descend progressively into nonentity, and scientifically into doubt. Her cathedrals are worn out—not by the praying and the kneeling of men. She has encircled them with the symbol of mysticism, as the flowers of winter are bound round the foreheads of the dead. Thus, by another way, she has reached the point where the world was awaiting her; and at this moment, under different languages and different names, the whole of Europe can boast that it lives under the same shelter, that is to say, in the same void; and henceforward behold the three great Queens of the modern world, France, Germany, and England,—all seated on the earth, like Shakspeare's Richard—all three having fallen by different steps from the same throne of religion to the same nonentity—from the same faith into the same doubting,—all three exchanging glances, half-stupified, without their accustomed God—of destinies so different, so similar in misery, and ready to mock each other even unto death at this common disappointment in the Infinite.

In France, and in England, incredulity has sent its cry abroad by the means of Voltaire and Byron. It is a study to examine how it has

seized upon German literature, and made it its resting-place and its abode. Poetry has undergone the same disguisings, which minds have assumed to themselves, and it has been only after many attempts, and scruples without number, that the word has been pronounced. From thence, there has been nothing known of that sudden convulsion, which, in other places, has forced out such astonishing outcries. The bonds of creeds have been gently untied; and there was kept in reserve, a healing for every wound. There was a consolation provided for every sacrifice; the heart was not broken at once, but gently despoiled, stripped, and lulled to sleep. Innumerable were the disagreements and hallucinations of sect, which concealed its destitution. Poetry, on the other hand, was not a luxury to be dispensed with. She passed for the religion which she had replaced, and she imitated, to the point of deceiving the world, its air and its austerities. The church had fallen, but the hymn had been preserved. *Novalis* sung in the night, and how could one believe that to be a ruin which was inhabited by a voice still so melodious and young? It is thus: that by always replacing faith by poetry, the figure by its picture, and God by its shadow, Germany has been able, without any violence, to lull her Past, like a babe, to sleep on the lap, and to shroud it in death without its awakening. The whole question is to determine whether, when she shall begin to perceive that what she adores is but the dust of what she once worshipped, she will utter a cry of distress, or, whether she will not familiarize herself with nonentity, even more cordially than we have done.

See how she sets about it! The root of the matter is, that the two religions, Protestantism and Catholicism, mutually aid each other's destruction. They interchange their doubts, their belief, their churches, their cradles, their graves. Under the same roof they were born, they live, they pray, they die—they have the same cross,—the same shroud. And when their hatred is, by chance, kindled, they say to human reason, before they contend with it, the gladiator's words to the Emperor, "They who are about to die, salute thee."

This character of conciliation in death has never appeared more strikingly than in Goethe. Here was a man who comprised within himself all the doubts of modern man, and who allowed none of them to appear. He attacked nothing—he defended nothing; he treated all belief, and every enthusiasm, as the mummies which Aristotle received from Asia, and classed in his Academy. He, too, in his church, so classed all forms of worship, and put the dead face to face with each other. The infinity of doubt was concealed in him, beneath the infinity of faith. He is, apparently, totally different to Voltaire—in reality the same. He shuts out nothing—not he! He admits phantoms—aye, even the least; and this universality of belief is, at the same time, the universality of scepticism: assent without limit, is positive denial. Voltaire was the analysis, he the synthesis of nonentity: it is the point where their thoughts meet; and was it, in truth, worth the trouble, that these two names, and the two nations whom they represented, should make war so long, to understand each other so well at this place? For, Goethe has not only taught Germany to know herself; he opened her ears to the howlings of the present. He cast her all alone upon the highway of modern revolution. He revealed to her his doubt, of which she yet wished to doubt. He divulged the secret of her wavering faith, which she would have still so well concealed from others in her mystical retreat. Like the wicked spirit, he cried aloud in the church to this kneeling Margaret, "Rememberest thou thyself, Margaret, when thou believest what thy lips murmur, and what thy heart desires?—when thy Luther had not yet

deceived thee, and thou, young, fair as thy hope, and a child of Christ, didst pray, morning and evening, in the cathedral of thy Cologne?" It is this which he has said, in a thousand forms, in prose, as well as in verse, and which the world has heard. From this day, Germany has joined the great company of the sceptical nations. She has come forth in her pure *caenaculum*, and, in her turn, is in the midst of the conflict of the age. Many voices, doubtless, have been raised against the great poet—many have been the efforts which she has made to retrace her steps, but it has been all in vain; she must advance, no matter towards what precipice; she has stepped beyond the bounds of her belief—she cannot enter them again; the Modern Spirit has seized her; he hath dragged her whither we are all driving each other; he is the black horseman, who has carried away his *Leonora*. In spite of earth or heaven, triumph or ruin, life or death, she must now, without even once turning her head, perforce accompany this cold spirit of the age towards the place whither we are all preceding her.

Goethe had revealed to Germany the doubt which she wished to conceal from herself—but this revelation bore, for a long time, only a personal meaning. She was resolved to see in it the state of the interior of one mind, and not the confession of a people. She accused the poet—she absolved herself. It required much time, and rude convulsions, before she could make the avowal, that the man in this case was the entire nation. The critical school of the Schlegels knew marvellously well how to disguise the evil, and conceal its surface. To speak properly, they threw Germany into a magnetic sleep, during which, invasions, and revolutions, and the clattering of Napoleon's spurs were passing around her, without calling forth a sigh. During this trance of fifteen years, all the effort which this country made was to detach herself for the present, and to turn away her head from her bleeding wounds: she saw through and proved every period save the one in which she was living. This was, but under an original appearance, a movement something similar to that of France at the time of the Restoration. Latent public life, to all appearance dead—a long suffering and mystical literature—poesy taking the veil, and cutting off her long tresses,—a complete renunciation of all that had belonged to the world,—a peculiar manner of showing the end of her recollections, and ceasing where they became bitter,—regrets,—mystery,—nothing of hope, nor of noisy popularity; and on the whole, a mode also of establishing a freedom in glory, and of passing triumphantly under the caudine forks.

The poets then went to the cloister with Werner, or at least were converted with Stolberg, F. Schlegel, and Adam Müller. The one who remained at the door of this small church, the only one whose connexion with the world did not appear destroyed, was Louis Tieck. He preserved just enough of doubt to laugh at phantoms; he ridiculed shadows, and thought to live in peace. All this time he was playing with scepticism, without thinking that the dwarf would become a giant, and the monster would, one day, have claws and teeth. It was Tieck whom it deluded most completely: he dressed it in the skin of an ass, and gave it the seven-leagued boots of the fairy tales, to traverse the wilderness of human hopes withal. He introduced trifling into the bosom of old German Art, and because it had masked itself behind simplicity, he believed himself to be its master—that the smile would not depart from its lips—that its mind thus muzzled could not break its bonds—and that its heart, at least, would never bleed—and yet, this was a bitter mockery, that whilst the earth shook with the sound of the Convention and Napoleon, that the people should be intoxicated from King Arthur's goblet, and with its Carolingian poetry, and those sylphs, and those visions, and those

improvident fairies—which, if they had been examined nearer, would have been seen to shake from their wings the dust of Wagram, Jena, and Austerlitz.

There was then a man who wounded belief to the heart, and hastened its ruin, while he wished the entire contrary. This man was the peasant Voss, who, like the Anabaptist, ferociously attacked the principle upon which German thought was at that time living. He did not openly strike at the ideal philosophy of his own epoch—his blows were not aimed so high; but he betook himself to pursue it with bitterness in its application to the knowledge of the ancients. This blind one did not see, that in destroying the symbolic principle, he was at the same time destroying the life of all Germany. There was a time when that pacific country resounded with imprecations against the votaries of symbolism. He would willingly have made a single funeral pile of all these monsters, and he did, in fact, raise more than one insurrection against my most honoured and peaceable master, Dr. Frederic Kreuzer. This man carried with him into science a vigour of passion, which is rarely found save in the excitement of political assemblies. Under this scholastic guise, the question was great and imminent; and related to the present—this past of 3,000 years. The revolutionary instinct assumed without knowing it, this mask of antiquity; and the venerable Voss, whilst he cursed France, introduced the eighteenth century armed among the gods and heroes of Homer. It was the conflict of Protestantism with Catholicism, both of which met within the lists of Science, there to decide their last quarrel. This revolted slave entirely destroyed that great monument of German learning, in which every phantom of the imagination had found its place—those superstitions which decorated the entire fabric, like a host of statues in their niches—that poetry more true than history. He did not leave one idea standing without breaking its visor. As far as he could, he made of German learning, a learning like all the rest, naked—visible—to be measured—without forethought, without mysteries, without divination—a mere science, and no longer a religion—a protestant temple, and no longer a cathedral with its thousand worshippers. He stripped its poetry from the past, and he did not see that he had also destroyed the present. He did not perceive that the spirit of his country is brother to the Platonic spirit, and that to overthrow Alexandria was to overthrow Germany. He would have the ancient manners, but not the ancient faith; he did not perceive that the cathedrals wherein Protestantism was sheltered, had their foundations based upon the Greek basilicas, and the basilicas upon the temples, and the temples of Greece upon those of the East; and that it was impossible to touch one of these foundation stones without pulling down the entire edifice of human faith. He had neither peace nor rest till he had sapped those primitive foundations; and he did not see the cathedrals which bowed and trembled above his head like the masts of a vessel in a storm, threatening to crush himself and his methodizing beneath their ruins; and when he had at his pleasure weeded German imagination, and branded every chimera, he withdrew in peace to his idyll of *Louisa*, and abode there—blind puritan that he was!—amongst its long hexameters, fragrant with the flowers of the linden-tree, reposingly and without remorse.

But the evil did not stop there; it infected Philosophy, and through her entered boldly into the heart of Germany. The philosophy of nature, that adventurer who had till then governed the destinies of this country, had no longer the courage to proceed. After these attempts, exhausted and unequal to further effort, she retreated in confusion within the circle of Catholicism, and would come forth no more, The



idealism of Schelling felt itself perishing, and demanded absolution from the dogmas of faith; and declining knowledge, dying faith, joining together, and seeking to reanimate each other, formed but a new version of Heloise and Abelard embracing each other in the tomb. There is a heroic effort being made even now at Munich, like the attempt of M. de Lamennais, to retain life. Baader, Goerres, are watching by Catholicism, and wearying themselves to breathe into her the breath of life. It is no more a religion, nor a philosophy, nor a poetry, but the wreck of all these—a science without a name, a faith without a name, a holy dust. For this dust dig you a large grave, with room enough for all the hopes, and the fancies, and the visions, and the well-being also, of old Germany.

In the north, the philosophy of Hegel has perished with its founder, or is at least absorbed in social knowledge; as, in the south, the philosophy of Schelling is absorbed in religion. The disappearance of those tribunes of idealism, who gathered the people round the infinite, is a striking sign. They kept it for thirty years upon the Mount Aventine of spiritualism; and now it is crying that it hungers and thirsts for the world of reality, and knows not how to descend thither fast enough.

In this invisible dissolution, sects imperceptibly take the place of religion, and maxims that of morals—under a thousand names, as Pietism, Methodism, the lethargy advances and insinuates itself every where. In proportion as Germany becomes more sensual, there are formed codes of imposing austerity. In the first moment of astonishment, every thing excited her disgust; she has quitted the highway of innocence, and entered into the mazes of scruple. This poor Eve covers herself with leaves too late; her past deeds are not, therefore, the less condemned. That which was the charm of this country beyond all others—confidence, serenity, the remains of disbelief in evil, are every day disappearing. A hard casuistry has succeeded, and pretends, single-handed, by the force of maxims, to make head against the advancing ruin. Better convinced than the English Kant, he troubles, even to their last moments, those virgin souls, of which this country is yet full. He makes them old in a day; and nothing more completely shows the dismembering of creeds, than the phantoms of sect, which thus float from time to time through the public conscience.

It must be said, that all these symptoms were long concealed under the effervescence which followed the wars of independence. The extravagant hopes raised about that time, entirely concealed the disenchantments begun, and the painful losses. Nations and kings had embraced in blood; they had interchanged a thousand oaths, and the ancient German faith reappeared for a moment. Umland was the poet of this alliance. It was thought for some time that he need only dry his eyes, and that the tear of doubt and disbelief, which he had found so acrid, would return no more. The figure of Germany of the middle ages, showed herself everywhere among the works of art, golden-haired and calm, only a little saddened by that benumbed wound which she thought healed. And I know not if still those improvident poets of Suabia, and all the south, the incorrigible lineage of the Troubadours, do not now remain at that point.

And yet all is completely changed. Kings have for one moment had the faith, the virtue, the religion of Germany in their power. When all perished, and she found her best assurance nothing but dust, she gave her last hope into their hands; she poured her last illusion into their worm-eaten cups, and said, Drink with me. When her philosophy deserted her, she put herself under their teaching; and they were not moved by this sincerity, but had the heart to

smite her as they would any other nation. They destroyed this hope; they refused this illusion; they have made no distinction between this nation and any other nation. Oh, it was base! for it was not only the crowns and the thrones, (as among us,) which they put in peril, but the ancient faith—the Christ living in all hearts—the Providence, of whom they were the image to credulous souls—the existence of an oath yet unviolated—the very dead and adored angels—the heaven and hell by which Christians abuse. It was not only that they broke sceptres, but they trampled upon ideas, stifled religions, and an entire world of thoughts, of traditions, of prayers, and of vows, depending upon their word, and which crumbled to dust with it.

It was all over; the fatal blow was struck; it could no longer be concealed. It had been thought that if the kings of the middle ages could cure bodily infirmities by the imposition of hands, they must know, by this time, how to cure the deadly diseases of the mind;—on the contrary, there resulted nothing from the contact but broken hearts and vanished hopes. Languages and inspiration were of necessity changed. Ballads were strengthened with gall, and sonnets with wormwood. When, in the fifteenth century, German invention had completed her Strasburg Cathedral, it sculptured on the summit a Satanic figure, to mock, from its height, the entire edifice. It was a fiend-like sneer which fell, from that figure, on the stone virgins, on the columns and pinnacles, on the saints in their niches, on the pavement, and on the altar, and on all that impotence of human worship and human faith. In her turn, Poetry did as much. She mounted to the highest step of the ladder of German idealism, and leisurely betook herself to mocking all that she had loved, to love all that she had hated, and to proclaim with Heine, like the dervish from the top of his minaret, the last hour—the midnight hour of this day of German genius, a thousand years long. This time her irony wore no disguise. She held her head erect, and hissed in the open air.

The verses of Heine, whose name I have just mentioned, have, in fact, light and trifling as they seem, a true social signification. Thirty years ago, they would have been thought impossible, and the pure imaginations of those days would never have endured their cruel satire. There are, amongst them, little songs of ten verses, which, with all the appearance of innocence, (for they are true wild roses,) bear within their flowers a poison which it has required three ages, at least, to distil to this strength. They are charming flowers, wrought and coloured with the ancient skill of Teutonic art, which all dart the glance of a basilisk. There are transparent and delicate sonnets after the manner of those of Petrarch, in the depths of which you can see the crawling reptile—ballads which hide under their liveliness, as a woman under her veil, their evil thoughts and their poisons. There are love songs, which bear you encrusted along their stream, to drown you at last in one Satanic word—for it is the original characteristic of this poet to make you drink the gall and the lees of our times, in the form of the expression and the honey of primitive ages—the age of Byron in the age of Hans de Sachs. To all the sentiments of society, in its advanced state, he gives the popular rhythm of society in its beginning; and this despair which borrows the language of hope, this death which speaks like life, this cradle which again becomes a tomb, these old and satiated passions, which move in the measure of infant passions, this health and this corruption, this gall and this honey, this alpha and omega, which mingle and are gathered in the texture of these rapid poems, make them so many perfect works of art, of fancy, of originality, and of immorality.

Most of the poems of Heine are contained in a volume entitled 'Book of Songs.' The first are dated in 1817. At this period the young poet belonged to the school of the Schlegels and Tieck. It was from them that he learned the popular style and the simplicity which, at a later period, he directed against them. From this time the sting sharpened and wounded every year. From his travels through the Hartz, Italy, and the North Sea, he brought home impressions of flowers, and woods, and love (of which he preserved the thorn), that in the alembic of his mind produced a honey of wrath and hatred. Those songs, the offspring of different climates, preserve little or no local character. It is a hope, a desire, met with by chance, that he withers in passing; and they lose both their date and their origin, as a fallen leaf loses its scent and its colour. Among them there are poems born in pure Tuscany, under the sun of Lucca and of Florence, which have retained the scent neither of orange nor of myrtle, and savour only of wormwood. We might say that a Satanic breath destroys all the enchantment of climate, leaving only at the bottom the same word and the same sting everywhere. The poet cannot hear on his journey the voice of a girl, or look on a flower upon its stem, but he must address to it a Mephistophelic madrigal. In vain do the stars bashfully conceal themselves under their veils—he always ends, as in the Clouds of Aristophanes, by some ironical question, which makes them shed tears of gold. When he approaches the Northern Sea, it is the only place where his irony assumes a local character; it becomes ample and colossal as the ocean. He makes blankets of the clouds of the Baltic, wherein to toss gods living and dead, the past with the present, and leaves you there on the shore with a burst of laughter; so that when you close this book, in appearance so trifling, all nature has become a void, the heavens a desert, and the heart also; and all the fruits of the great tree of life have been smitten, one after the other, with a black blight, and the worm has gnawed them.

Cruel poet that you are! Do you find Ruin proceed on her course too slowly! When you struck so deadly a blow at the heart of this enchanted forest of Germany, did you not hear the branches as they sighed, and the leaves as they trembled, and the voice which cried to you, "Impious! had you waited till evening, we should have all of us been withered without your aid!"

O Heine! if you have love for anything, I entreat, for my sake, your mercy upon the flowers that may yet remain for you to wither—upon the springs that you may yet dry up. Wherein, I pray you, have those poor university towns offended you, that you are forced so bitterly to awaken them, and with their own secular pens to blacken their visages with ink! and Gottingen, and Hamburg, and Munich, and your native town of Dusseldorf? You breathe upon them every morning, and the dust of ancient customs, which covers them, as the folios arranged for a thousand years in their libraries, passes away in smoke, and you take it entirely for yourself. But think what is also threatening us, on the other hand, in France. Formerly, when our revolutions and our tumults left us for a moment, we crossed the Rhine, and found there the Past all entire, where we might rest from the Present. There yet existed settled thoughts, which might take us under their wings. All that we had lost was preserved in that asylum, and we repaired thither from day to day to take shelter in your faith. But now that you have cast scorn upon these visions, it is sadly true that there is no longer a place in the world wherein to rest the head for an hour. We must, henceforward, learn to sleep exposed to the wind and the tempest.

To this time, your satire has been satisfied

with the North; you avail yourself of France to laugh at Germany. But, when you are weary of this sport, will you make no change? When your old home customs are levelled to your pleasure—when there shall be no longer neither princes, nor doctors, nor towns, nor villages, which have not passed under your hands, are you sure that you will not turn your weapon against us?—that you will not find amongst us some settled hope to lay waste? I have, for my own part, serious fears, while I look at other countries, that you will not always resist the merriment of striking these empty glasses against each other, and that, in this dance of death, in which human creeds whirl round, you will not cease joyously to pipe up your charming, and sweet, and satanic melodies.

Thus, it is true then, that the long monologue of German idealism has ended in a burst of laughter. She has drunk her poetry, even to the dregs. Once more her Rhine has lost itself in the sands.

Thus, an entire world of hopes and visions is swept away at this moment with old Germany, and no one here turns his head to trouble himself about the matter. There, near to us, myriads of phantoms vanish, noiselessly, as they were born. These divine visions, whose breath fails, have lived their rapid life. A universe is about to be swallowed up without awakening so much as a bird in her nest.

What then signify those accusations against the poetry of France of to-day, which have recently reached us from Vienna and Edinburgh? Can it be thought that we should find it difficult to prove the same misery anywhere else. Ruin is here—ruin there—and who has ever imagined that this was other than a general death? What matter that, in France, as well as in Germany, verse and prose crumble into dust, when the entire poem of modern society is being torn into shreds? It is not this page alone upon which I am writing, which has been already attacked by the worm; it is the book wherein we are all writing—the book of the present, in which people and kings each speak their own tongue, and which, at this time, has neither margin nor fly-leaf whereon to write its own name.

It would be necessary, if we wished to bring the shades of the poets to trial, for the world and the ruling powers to be less shadowy than them; for what law is there, what society, what church, what religion—I speak not of man—but what institution is there which does not present itself to-day in the guise of a shadow, and which one does not treat as a shadow?—which has any serious and other pretension to life than as a vision? Who, for example, imagines that our laws are laws?—that our kings are kings?—and does not see that these be merely shadows wearing an appearance? Fantastical beings, who come we know not whence—whose longest life is but a day—who disappear by chance, and are seen no more. From what dust did you take them yesterday?—into what dust will you cast them back to-morrow? You do not know yourself. Kings, more chimerical than the dreams of Hoffmann, their crowns are not crowns, but the bandages with which you blind their eyes;—their sceptres are not sceptres, but the rods with which you chastise them. The people are not people—without present, without past, without name, without heritage, they are, in truth, the dead robed in the garment of life, and worthily atoned upon these decapitated monarchs.

And yet, say not that poetry is no more; say rather, that she alone remains living, if hers be life. Nothing exists to-day save what is in the hearts of men. There is no tradition, no authority, no written words, which do not fall to dust, if you but touch them. In this destruction of the Real—the Ideal alone remains;—she alone keeps her eternal crown upon her head, and there is neither people nor king who shall

take it from her. Where nothing takes bodily form, everything becomes thought. We walk and live not in the things that are, but in the shadow of that which ought to be, and that which one day will be. Shadows as we are, we are ourselves a world of poetry, and we know it not.

No doubt, the ideal which each nation has formed of absolutism decays every hour—in England and Germany, as in France—for this ideal was itself; each despoiled itself of its local traditions, of its indigenous art, and cast around itself the spell of a thousand years. But these particular ruins form the personality of the human race. The same cosmopolite genius replaces the different geniuses of different idioms and races. In this poetry of the world, every idea will have place; nor verse nor prose will be put to the pain of finding the requisite number of rhymes or feet.

From thence, in truth, the real mission of the poet has only its beginning. Social life has only taken it up as of yesterday, and already it cannot die tranquilly in its bed. The time is gone by when it might have lived in peace to its last hour. He must now quit, with Byron, with Chateaubriand, with Lamartine, his frontier town or his island. He must bear the wind and the rain, the heat and the cold, the love and the hatred of foreign lands; for his heart is henceforth too mighty for either town or village to contain it entirely. His religious vocation is to be the mediator between future nations. His words no longer belong to any one. In the interregnum of political powers, he alone becomes sovereign; he is already the law-giver of the great European confederacy, which, as yet, does not exist. Behold him henceforth, with his heart for his only companion. All imitations are exhausted; all realities vanished. Every known path leads only to the desert; all the old countries have yielded up their fruits. It is necessary that this Christopher Columbus of the new ideal world, should trust himself afar—alone—upon the ocean of his thoughts; he goes on—he advances, and this expanse is continually on the increase. He still proceeds; and that which they call land, is yet a cloud; and that which they call hope, is yet an illusion: and the people whom he draws after him, cry—“We are drowning, master: let us return;” and he saith unto them—“To-morrow;” and the morrow is an age. And in the ocean of his genius he never casts anchor, nor furls sail, till he hath reached that shore where issues the fountain of life, and its name is Eternity.

#### CHEAP GIFTS: A SONNET.

[In a leaf of a quarto edition of the ‘Lives of the Saints, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villegas, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1630,’ bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke Street, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a Saint Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor, but pious, Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.]

O lift with reverent hand that tarnish’d flower,  
That ‘shrines beneath her modest canopy  
Memorials dear to Romish piety;  
Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent hour

The work perchance of some meek devotee,  
Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth  
The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,  
In this imperfect tracery might see  
Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.  
Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told  
Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold,  
That in their way approved the offerer’s zeal.  
True love shows costliest, where the means are scant;

And, in her reckoning, they abound, who want.  
CHARLES LAMB.

#### SWAN RIVER.

[Extracts from a Letter received from Swan River, dated July, 1833.]

You have no idea what settling is, (properly called squatting)—it is a gipsy party with a vengeance. But I will now answer categorically the string of questions you put.

First, What are you doing? Why, trying to settle. I bought a cow (thirty-two guineas), but a rascally boy turned her loose, and she has been now three years in the bush.

I also tried to merchandize—did very well at first, but lost 100*l.* afterwards, and gave it up for a bad job. Laid down a fine ten ton sailing-boat of native timber—as fine a boat as ever swam, and did very well at first, making 100*l.*; but the captain contrived to make a total wreck of her on a fine summer’s day with a fair wind; and though I got judgment against him in the civil court for the value of the boat (120*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), it was a bad job again, for I had law expenses to pay, and he was not worth a farthing.

I am now a miller, having offered to build a corn-mill on my own two town allotments here in Perth, and get an artificial stream of water to turn it—*pro bono publico*—if government would lend me the money to do so. And this arrangement I in part effected, only government bound me down not to charge more than two shillings per bushel grinding; and allowed me only half the sum required for a complete mill, as they, as well as others, doubted my power of creating a mill-stream where there was none before,—there being no mill-streams in the settled part of the colony in the summer, when grinding is especially wanted.

I have completely succeeded, however, as far as half the money would go, and have now been working these six months. My reservoir is 170 feet by 80; eight feet deep: the bottom puddled with impenetrable clay; and the water is used with such economy, that I have not as yet felt any embarrassment. The fall of water from the reservoir to the river is twenty-four feet, and there is about eleven more (in all thirty-five) to the water level of the country, whence it is supplied. I have not yet regularly tapped this water level, however, further than by cutting the reservoir. What naturally drains into it is sufficient for my present works; but when I get the rest of the money, I shall easily be able to make the mill capable of grinding 6 or 7,000 bushels of corn annually.

I got the millstones of the full size (four feet diameter, and ten inches thick), from the Blue Hills—(they look very blue at a distance)—about thirty-five miles off. People laughed, and said that it was impossible that millstones could be found in this country; but I laughed too, in my sleeve, for I am an old hand, you know, at that work. They have answered beautifully—quite equal to French burrs. They are of granite formation, both equally hard, but of very different qualities. Every part of them gives showers of sparkles when struck with a hard steel; their colours are part transparent, beautifully crystallized in plates, part pure opaque white; with reddish, grey, black, and purplish spots.—The lower stone is, to all appearance, a grey granite, with no soft particles, except here and there inconsiderable portions of a micaceous substance in plates; and though equally hard, is dull, and has not that lively cutting quality so necessary for the upper, or running-stone, and which the lower stone ought not to possess. The runner-stone is veined, the lower is not; but both, if polished as slabs, would be exceedingly beautiful—small specimens would not show their beauty.

All the lime-stone found in this colony is on or near the sea coast. It produces lime of the purest white; and much of it appears to be trunks, roots, and branches of an extensive forest of large trees; in some, even the bark and an-

nular ring are visible. One trunk, or now pillar, of lime-stone, stands about forty feet high, perfectly isolated and upright, without branches, but showing the beginning of the bole. I have seen it myself: it is about two feet diameter in the smallest part. In all the lime-stone are found imbedded small samples of compact porcellaneous lime-stone, about the bigness of a small hand, or less—the rest is either chalky or gritty.

In all the streams about the colony is found abundantly a minute, ponderous, black sand, strongly attractable by the magnet. In the island of Rottenest is also a fruitful mine of rock salt, which is used at table in its crude state; but I suspect, from its taste, contains more salts than muriate of soda. Water holding iron in solution is common among the small springs; and iron-stone is also common. One spring, I know, is loaded with a sort of sweetish tasted alum.

Clay of all sorts is abundant—viz., brick, fire, pot, and pipe or china clay, I am not certain which. The mountains consist chiefly of various kinds of granite, with, at their bases, what I call trap—a dark, green and black speckled, dull, heavy, hard rock: I hate it—it is of no use in engineering. Abundance of pure quartz is found everywhere, colours various. At the top of the hills iron-stone predominates.

Large tracts of the colony are sandy, but not barren sand; it carries a luxuriant native vegetation, and, if well treated, bears wheat, oats, barley, vegetables, &c.; indeed, anything, with manure, and water in the summer. Clay lands are, of course, the same as in England, requiring a laborious cultivation to make them produce. They are too cold and wet in winter, and too dry and hard in summer, without much judicious work.

The wild flowers are splendid as well as the shrubs, and many are scented. The forest trees are principally eucalyptus, called here white, blue, and red gum tree. Banksia or honeysuckle; cassuarinas, or shee and swamp oaks; and mimosa, or wattles, are also abundant. The gums of all the trees are soluble, to a certain extent, in water, and are of the colour of blood or port wine. The least soluble in any liquid is the gum of the grass tree. It tinges water, turpentine takes up a good deal, fat oils take up a little, and alcohol some; but there is a substance left at last insoluble in anything; to all appearance it is lac. When the solid gum is bruised, it is of a most brilliant yellow; before bruising, it is red, transparent, and very inflammable.—(N.B. Grass tree is the *Xanthoma* of Frazer.)

The finest wood is our native mahogany, as beautiful as Spanish. It has no other name with us, for it was unknown till we came here, and I first found it. It has nothing to do with the genus of real mahogany.

You ask, why there have been any difficulties in settling the colony?—but it would take 143½ pages of closely printed quarto, fairly to show all the difficulties and their causes. The causes may be reduced to three heads—want of wisdom in some, poverty in others, and foolish and evil passions in all, more or less. It is certainly neither in the climate nor soil that the difficulties consist; though this spot is no more a Garden of Eden than any other that I have heard of in any quarter of the globe. The climate, though a warm one, is as fine as any; and wherever the soil has been properly treated, it has yielded abundantly, from the potato to the vine and sugar-cane.

The grand difficulties in colonizing generally, arise from the same three heads—viz. 1. erroneous ideas in the formation of a settlement; 2. mismanagement afterwards; 3. the misconduct of the wretched class of people who constitute the great bulk of new settlers. For very few and far between, are the steady, upright, and persevering settlers, particularly with any money

—you may compare them to the planets among the fixed stars.

Estates are only to be cleared and cultivated properly by hired labourers. This requires so much more capital here, as labourers are all drunkards in a new colony, and will not do more than two or three hours' hard work in a day, for which they insist on being paid five, six, and even seven shillings, or else they leave the colony, as hundreds have done here. We have now only 1,500 souls, big and little; and once we mustered 2,500. "What a falling off is here!" There seems to be a fatality about emigrants. So few keep their spirits consistently up to the pressure of their difficulties, that almost all become more or less unsteady; and then, how can the settlement prosper? So far from attaching great importance to our beginning difficulties, I am only astonished, knowing as I do their detail, how we continue together at all; and the very existence of the colony, at this moment, seems to me to prove incontestably that the locality of the place is good—that is, as to climate, soil, and water, which last has been reported not to exist among us. I own that it now and then requires the tremendous effort of digging for it some twelve feet deep: but, with this sacrifice, good fresh water is everywhere abundant.

You mention Canada and Hobart Town: I know nothing of them, but suspect that, barring a somewhat greater degree of advance, the same difficulties will be found there as here. And Kangaroo Island also may be beautiful; but bread and cheese, beef and mutton, are the staff of life in this world; and they may happen to be scarce there too, in the beginning.

The climate here is very healthy, barring a few colds and rheumatisms, caused by too great exposure in huts and tents not weather-proof. We have had numerous deaths, however, from drunkenness and drowning, by being drunk in boats. The climate is certainly hot—quite as hot as Naples; and there is little or no frost in the winter, but much rain, which lasts in showers from June to October, and plenty of gales. In the summer it does not rain; and sometimes the thermometer rises to 106° in the shade. When it is below temperate, or at 55°, we call it cold, and have fires. There are abundance of fleas, mosquitoes, and sand-flies in summer; but no wild beasts that we know of, but kangaroos, emus (both bipeds), and wild dogs; ants are of all kinds; ducks, swans, geese, pigeons, of many various kinds, all wild; land and water sharks, the latter by far the least dangerous; and fish are all in plenty.

The natives are often troublesome. They cannot forbear stealing "very good"—(bread, flour, biscuit, pigs, &c.) Several white men have also been speared by them, but generally through their own, or their neighbours' fault. Drunken white men pick unnecessary quarrels with them. They are, just now, very quiet.

You will like to know, however, with all this work, what the colony has produced. Last harvest, between four and five thousand bushels of wheat were gathered in. The harvest, this year, will be more productive, as much more ground is broken up. The kinds of corn already effectually reared here are numerous. Wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn or maize, Caffee corn or broom corn, (introduced by us), &c.

Vegetables are of all kinds: turnips, radishes, onions, eschalots, garlic, peas, beet-root, mangel-worzel, celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, beans, potatoes by the ton, sugar-cane, now standing fifteen feet high, bananas, salad herbs, water-cress (introduced by us), chilis, artichokes, almonds, peaches, apples, vines, pine-apples, all the melon tribe, water-melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, vegetable bottles—every thing.

Cattle, where not speared by the natives from want of protection, or lost in the bush from want of care, thrive exceedingly, and multiply very

fast. Mr. Drummond, the brother of him who went with Captain Franklin, brought one cow, and has now eight, several in calf. Wool from this colony has fetched the highest price in the London market.

Many hundred thousand bricks have been made, and a great deal of lime burned, and stone quarried. Our bed-room is paved with slabs of soft, white, chalky limestone.

I have discovered, on the banks of the Swan, above Perth, the finest plaster stone in the world. It is transparent as glass, rhomboidal, in plates, with many internal fractures and flaws; some of it is of the most beautiful satin kind. Captain Friend, of the *Wanstead*, took away a bag-full, and called it *selinite*. I call it, after the Italians, *Speculum Asinorum*, or *Specchio d'Asino*. It burns in the heat of the bread oven, and when ground fine, and mixed with water, sets into a firm hard plaster of pure white; but, unlike plaster of Paris, it takes twenty minutes to set, and does not form a milk or cream with water. It is found in lumps, from a nut to an egg, bright and clean, imbedded in a white clay marl, mixed with reddish clay, and sand. Quere, were they all burnt together and ground, would they not form a Roman or water cement?

The Swan and Canning Rivers are both navigable for boats up to the hills, 30 or 40 miles; but they are both in a state of nature, and require a little doctoring at the obstructions of the flats, and where trees have fallen across. The Avon, beyond the hills, in the district of York, is a non-descript river. In winter it is a good sized small river, with a strong current—in summer it is a mere chain of pools. It is not a mountain torrent, and has no mouth—at least, none has yet been discovered. On the lands in its vicinity, and to the eastward, as far as has been explored (60 miles), grass grows luxuriantly; and the sandal-wood is also found there, or a tree so similar in beauty and scent that the difference is immaterial. Eight hundred sheep already pasture, also, on these lands; and a considerable extent of ground is under tillage. There is room enough, indeed, for 10,000 settlers; for all, as far as has been explored, is admirably adapted for tillage and pasture.

There are hundreds of other subjects on which I could wish to write you; but the ship sails to-morrow, and I am pressed for time. What is already written, however, will give you a general idea of the colony; and, if you read it all, you will be convinced that its locality is good, and that some time hence—not in our time, for all first settlers must, of necessity, go to the dogs—Western Australia will be a flourishing state.

There is no French settlement to the southward. You allude, of course, to Shark's Bay. . . . The voyage from England here is long, but it passes away; and, if you take a cabin passage, you have a chance of escaping being devoured by the cockroaches. If you feel inclined, therefore, to come and see the place, we shall be happy to see you, and I will show you the lions.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, January 1831.

To go on with my Fine Arts, begun in my last. Do not, however, I beg of you, mistake my opinions for oracles, because I fling them abroad with such freedom, like one of the prophetic trees at Dodona. But I have heard artists confess, they are themselves as often wrong from professional prejudices, as dilettanti from want of professional practice. You recollect the notorious example of Mengs, who does all but designate Michelangelo a mere wall-smoker, and the chiaroscurist, Correggio, Prince-perfect of painting. To be sure, that pearl of dilettanti, Chevalier D'Azara, goes a step beyond Mengs in absurdity; for he pronounces Mengs himself a



better painter than Raffael, Titian, and Corregio put together! When autocrats of criticism can utter such outrages, who can be accused of presumption? Truth would appear to lie equally out of sight from those who have suns in their eyesockets, as from those who have orbs of common earth. The impossibility, in fact, of finding such a thing as a veritable critic, may be demonstrated *à priori* from the circumstance, that, to constitute him such, he should be at once an artist and no artist—neither, yet both; *quod est impossibile*—same thing true of poetical critics: this by the way, as a waggon of litter drops straws. Did you see Cavaliere Somebody's monument to Canova in the Capitol? Poor enough. Canova lies a-top on his elbow; and Minerva's head, looking like anything, or any twenty things you please. In the panel below, stand three bas-relief figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry, trapesing gentewomen, with stick-crowns, and Canova-noses turned up tearfully to each other's faces, in the elegant distress of school-girls wet to the shift. What miserable, chilblained, livid-looking marble, our modern sculptors seem to fancy! Instead of the rich, glowing, marrowy Parian, you have either cold chalky or leaden-blue stuff, or a glitter-grit loaf-sugar thing, through a nose or eye-brow of which you can look as through the brim of a burning candle, and, by consequence, lose all the deep massy effects of chiaroscuro. But you will tell me I am an antediluvian. Thorwaldsen has done some fine bas-reliefs, they say; but I have not had time yet this season to walk through his new world of whites at Piazza Barberini; it is an expedition for Pizarro: in his wilderness of creatures bursting alive from blocks of marble, one thinks of the Heathen Flood, when men grew out of stones, and is about to call him a second Deucalion. He has begotten another *Horse*, big enough to hold a squadron of cuirassiers within, and the Colossus of Rhodes without. All, I suppose, after his fashion, in that same whity-blue marble that gives one the shivers, like the sight of London milk of a winter's morning. 'Tis reported by the bye, (in the whisper of a cannon,) that our mighty *Thor* is a bit of a skinflint; employs cheap labour and marble. Of a verity, his antagonist tomb to Canova's in St. Peter's, what with its stationalistic composition, sticky Peruginian character (*minus* expression), and the livid dye of its material, makes but a poor fight against Clement XIII. and his lions: it looks fitter for a monument to Bluebeard than Pope Pius. But I shall have a hail of imprecations on my head from the Dane's idolaters, for this piece of impiety; just as if I were not an adorer myself, though not precisely a blind one.

Tadolini's monument to Count Mosti of Ferrara is what Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan would call a pretty open concealment of celebrated models: the Count's bust crowing *per regulam* on the middle peak, like a weathercock on the top of a roof-tree; to the left, stands a genius of the Apollino cast; to the right, a weeping woman, daughter of Canova's on the Alfieri tomb at Santa Croce, of a Capitoline Venus, and other sleeping partners innumerable. This system of crossing will never much improve the breed of statues, but make it right mongrel, unless done with consummate judgment. Even in Canova's attempts to modernize Greek, the result is frequently a spurious, corrupt thing, mere *Romaie*. Let us keep to the spirit of our age, simply purifying, if we can, by an infusion of what is standard, never entering for the vulgar taste, high or low, by musk or peppermint admixtures. Tadolini has made some good copies of famous originals. He seems to model (tell it not in Gath!) better than some of our English artists, who set up for being famous originals themselves. Few of our sculptors will debilitate their stomachs, I apprehend, like Buonarroti, in anatomic modelling; but surely they will give up as much time to this, as the French to pseudo-classic! Our starting-post

is the true one, but why stop before our sinews are well stretched, and sit down to cut a god out of the first milestone? Our rivals go much farther, and get higher: it is only a pity that it is on the wrong route. We do not model half a life and money-scape the remainder: one or two seasons at the Academy, and we commence scavenging. Yet people will look blank, and moonish, and wonder-stricken, and lengthen their mouths like eyelet windows, asking what can occasion the decline of the Arts! We should as soon think of giving sixteen hours to a sigh, as sixteen years to a statue, like Polygnotus to his Tallys: can we wonder, then, that none of us is a Polygnotus? Not that I am inhuman enough to require such self-sacrifice on the altar of ambition; but all I say is, do not let us expect to be supreme artists without it. My hint regards our painters yet more than our sculptors. Leonardo spent four years on the Monna Lisa, and left it *unfinished*: as soon as an English student can stick two hands under a bodice, and a head above it, he sets up for a painter of portraits. To be sure, he says, naïvely enough,—"I don't intend myself for a Leonardo!"—Wise resolution! But should he intend himself for a tradesman, a gold-finder? Let him look at Titian's, Paolo's, earlier works, and see them designed with the pains of an Albert Durer. This was the real secret of their freedom and facility afterwards. However, here am I, got again into the critical pulpit, and have put you to sleep, I suppose, with my sermon.—Rothwell is among us: what can possess you all, to insist upon this man making himself over again, after having been so well cast by Nature? True, he is not what you could wish, but is he not great in his own way? Let him perfect himself in his line: do not take him to the tongue where two roads part for the temple of Glory, the beautiful and the sublime—do not, I say, take him to this tongue, and split him upon its point; but rather let the whole man travel in one direction. How many a genius becomes less than he might, by endeavouring to be more than he may? Exquisite taste and feeling, tenderness of expression and colour, distinguish this artist; why not sip of a cup so deliciously flavoured as he presents you with, and go to some other if you wish strong waters? Why ask him to mingle them together, and so, perhaps, only muddy his own? Surely his sketches are the most delicate *rose-leaving* imaginable. He has done nothing original here as yet, but dead-coloured a *Thorwaldsen*; full, even now, of ethereal fire, that, flashing upward, seems less to draw inspiration from the skies than lance it thither. I should not wonder if he damped the flame, when he throws more point on it. A miniature copy of Titian's famous *Assumption*, is much liked: this master has, with all his *impasto*, a transparency difficult to be rendered by a copyist, however light and thin his style. Rothwell would copy a Rubens better. They say he is about a *Sir Coutts Trotter*, or somebody with such a golden name: if a man were a golden calf, he would make him as interesting as one garlanded with flowers. I shall have done now with *virtù*, merely adding, that Severn, after his success with a preternatural work, the *Ancient Mariner*, has undertaken a herculean, the *Chaining of the Dragon*, an altarpiece for Cardinal Weld.—Cammuccini, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, (or subversion, I am not sure)—Overbeck, a *Religion regenerating the Arts* (little more than an N or M name as yet)—and, by contract for the King of Bavaria, Cornelius, a *Last Judgment*! Your friend Tinto, after his dry punning way, said there was not much judgment in the subject, whatever there might be in the execution. It is to be Sistine Chapel size, for the Cathedral of Munich; Michelangelo's wall, I suspect, will, notwithstanding, be still the greater. My next shall discuss these latter items more to your satisfaction. Now for my promised archaeological epitome,

The 'Transactions for 1833,' of the Institute, begin with a communication from Pompeii: no important edifices, but many curious bronzes, have been discovered; two represent a Centaur sounding a lyre, and a Centaures with a double flute; three double-fronted heads (of a woman and youth), *chefs-d'œuvre*. Sig. Maggiore relates, that a Greek inscription has been found at Palermo, last December, in the *Ippogeo*, where a Latin was also found in 1754, whence it would seem that this, the sole existing monument of ancient Panormo, appertained to different epochs of antiquity. Same gentleman contributes a notice of the Vase found at Centorbi in Sicily, 1830, painted, not as usual, on a black ground with yellow-red colours, nor *vice versa*, but in different colours, encaustic, like the pictures of Pompeii and Herculaneum; the pencilling free but intelligent, half tints delicate, chiaroscuro firm and distinct, the whole admirably modelled. At Sella di Orlando (Orlando's Saddle), about two miles from the ancient *Erbita*, has been found a numismatic novelty, no less than a golden coin of Hiero II., containing Ceres on one side, and Victory on the other, with the rare inscription ΣΙΚΕΛΙΩΤΑΝ.—Excavations at Syracuse. Paper on the *Corago*, a Pompeian mosaic (copied in the work of Raoul-Rochette), and about the scene of which antiquaries have raised some dust, throwing a little genteelly into each others' faces, and a good handful into the eyes of the public. One holds the columns to represent a scene of the theatre; another a *Coragio*, or sort of property-room behind; the third a room in the *Corago*'s own house, while some contend that the *Corago* is no such poetical personage at all, but a mere vender of masks. In a paper on the construction of Ports, Sig. De Fazio, chiefly profiting, he says, by the observations of Sir W. Gell, recommends from the practice of the ancients at Pozzuoli, Miseno, Nisita, &c. what may be called *open molework* where possible, instead of continued breakwater, so as to prevent accumulations of sand, &c. Excavations at Pompeii, Corneto, Volterra. Austrian Antiquities (*Alterthümer in der österreichischen Monarchie*): an article containing several inscriptions found chiefly at *Aquileia*. The last, being a *crux*, proposed by M. Kellerman to our English antiquaries, I shall transcribe.

T. FLAVIVS  
GRENSCES [sic]  
EQV. ALE. TAMVE  
X. BRIT. AN. XXX. STIP. XV  
DOM. DVROCORREM  
H. S. E. FLAVIVS. SILVAN  
VS. DEC. A. . . FVS. D  
H. F. F.

Query: what is this DVROCORREMO, which appears so different from *Durocorto* or *Durocortoro* in Belgium? Whereabouts in Ancient Britain lay this people hitherto unknown?—A valuable paper on Etruscan by M. Kellerman, originating from three new bilingual Etrusco-Latin inscriptions, added by Sig. Pasquino to the present scanty treasure. You are aware that we know little more than the alphabet of this tongue? What with the discoveries of Young and Champollion, it may be now designated the real cryptic language, and might just as well be written in owls, and apes, and ibis's, as in letters resembling Greek, Roman, and Irish *ogham*, mutilated and mixed together. When Rosellini's Dictionary of 3000 words has appeared, Egyptian will become household talk among our antiquarians. Omitting, says M. Kellerman, the few Etruscan words preserved by ancient writers, and the still fewer demonstrated from coincident inscriptions, all that is certainly known of the language, may be thus summed up from Müller. The desinent syllable *al* indicates a patronymic—joined to the prenomen, a father—to the family-name, a mother, *Sa* desinent, and sometimes *th*, indicates the wife of the man whose name is thus declined, *Eia*

desinent (or *ei*, curtailing the last vowel as usual in Etruscan), is added to the wife's family name, and *i* for *ia*. Thus *Thana Urinati Tutnasa* means *Thana*, born *Urinatæ*, married to *Tutna*. *Lih Titei Lecnesa Cainat* means *Larthia*, of the family *Tite*, daughter of *Cainnia*, and wife of *Lecne*.—[Vide Lanzi, *Sagg. della Lingua Etrusca*, p. 354, 44. p. 361, 69.]

Apocryphal of Irish ogham: the patriotic son of an Irish nobleman would persuade me lately, that some Etruscan letters on the Chimera at Florence, read by Lanzi, *Finscuil*, were neither more nor less than the precise Gaelic orthography of Fingal, viz. *Fin McCuil*!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE musical world is all astir with the rumour of a festival, which is to take place in Westminster Abbey, on even a grander scale than Handel's Commemoration, so pleasantly chronicled by Dr. Burney. Their Majesties, it is understood, have signified their intention to patronize, and be present at the performances, and the profits are to be divided between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund, the Choral Society, and the Royal Academy of Music. We trust that the selections and general arrangements will be such as to give satisfaction. In the provincial festivals, the local interests of individuals are frequently too strong to leave the management entirely at liberty to exercise its best judgment; but, on this occasion, there need be no such perplexing difficulties. It is a good opportunity for giving that precedence to the Philharmonic and other celebrated bands, which will at once confer honours, where they may, with reason, be expected; and in the selection of the music, something should be done to advance the modern, as well as perpetuate the ancient school. What a splendid opportunity it would afford of adding to the fame of the country some first-rate work by one of the great living composers. We would have one composed expressly for the occasion—remembering that *old Handel* was not *old Handel* always. Sir George Smart is to be conductor, assisted in his general arrangements by a Committee of Professors; and native talent alone is, it is said, to be employed in the vocal department.

A paper in the present number, by Edgar Quinet, on the Poets of Germany, with especial reference to Heine, was intended as an introduction to Heine's own articles on the General Literature of Germany. We heretofore expressed our regret, that this promised series should have been so long delayed—we must now add, with still greater pain, that we cannot consent to publish the first of the series, which alone we have at present received. M. Heine has considered his subject under four different heads—religion—philosophy—history—and literature. Now, with all possible respect for M. Heine's sincerity, and all admiration of his genius, he is certainly one of the last men to whom we should have applied for an article on the history or influence of christianity; we should have anticipated just such an essay as we have received—one full of splendid passages, but sarcastic, withering, and appalling—one which, in the language of M. Quinet, leaves "nature a void, the heavens a desert, and the heart also." We must, therefore, throw ourselves on the considerate kindness of our readers. Our scheme is great and noble, but dependent, as we stated at the outset, on so many persons and contingencies, that nothing like regularity in publication can be insured. We have done all that was in our power; and, certainly, except that the appearance of these particular articles have been delayed beyond the time calculated on, our readers have suffered no loss: more than the promised extra sheets have been given. We presume,

that the second paper by M. Heine will shortly arrive, and then we shall be better able to announce our course of proceedings. In the mean time it may give to our readers some well-founded hopes of the promise of the future, if we state, that M. Galliano's Papers on the Literature of Spain are already received.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 10.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Several letters were read from and concerning Capt. Back. Three from him were dated Norway House, (Jack River, Lake Winnipeg,) 27th June last, and detailed his proceedings at some length: from which it appeared that he had had difficulty in engaging the requisite number of men to accompany him; but that, having at length succeeded, chiefly through the zealous co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and agents, he was about to proceed to Cumberland House, whence, after seeing his heavy boats off under the care of his companion, Dr. King, he prepared himself to go forward in a light canoe to the Athabasca Lake, with the view of verifying a report he had received, that an easier passage into the Thlew-ee-cho could be made from it than from Great Slave Lake. The letters concerning him were from agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who announced his arrival at Cumberland House, and subsequent departure thence on the 24th July—all well.

It was further mentioned by the Secretary, that in consequence of the above expressions in Captain Back's letter, from which it appeared that an impression had been made in his mind, that he could find an easier passage to the Thlew-ee-cho from Athabasca than from Great Slave Lake, Dr. Richardson had addressed a letter to the Society, lamenting the existence of that impression, and showing the great improbability of its being verified. There was no doubt that Captain Back, on the spot, would have superior opportunities of ascertaining the real fact, than any possessed in this country, and the utmost confidence might be placed in his prudence and sagacity in selecting the best route; yet there was considerable interest in reasoning on the premises even here, and these appeared to Dr. Richardson conclusive against the contemplated deviation from the original plan. Our knowledge of the Thlew-ee-cho, Dr. R. observes, does not rest merely on Indian report. It was crossed by Hearne in 1772, shortly after its issue from Point Lake, and was there certainly to the northward of Great Slave Lake, though somewhat also to the eastward. It seems demonstrable, therefore, that the benefit of the water carriage by Great Slave Lake to a point which, whatever the subsequent difficulties of the journey, must be much nearer than any part of Athabasca Lake, should not lightly be given up; and in proceeding from Athabasca Lake there were, moreover, other dangers to be encountered, of great importance. A considerable extent of barren ground would have to be traversed, along which it would be very difficult to forward supplies: and, deceived by the initial word Thlew-ee, which merely signifies river, and is, therefore, of very general application, the expedition might embark on a wrong river, and be brought out on the eastern, instead of the northern sea. Other reasoning was adduced by Dr. Richardson, showing the limits within which any error of Hearne's, in laying down the position of the Thlew-ee-cho, where he crossed it, must be confined. The thanks of the Society were voted to him for his communication; at the same time the utmost confidence was expressed from the chair, that in no case would Captain Back suffer himself to be led astray—the rather, as his

intention appears obvious from his letter, of heading his expedition in a light canoe.

The Secretary then gave an account to the Society.—1. Of such particulars regarding Mr. Lander's expedition up the Quorra, as he had been enabled to collect from Mr. Mac Gregor Laird, who had accompanied it, and, having very recently returned, was then in the room: 2. Of a proposed expedition into the interior of Africa, from Dalagou Bay, of which the object was chiefly commercial, but which was of so much promise, both in this respect, and also as regarded geographical discovery, that the council had resolved to subscribe 50*l.* towards it from the funds of the Society: 3. Of a similar expedition into the mountainous interior behind British Guiana, which offered so many advantages, both commercial and scientific, yet was opposed by so many difficulties, that the council had voted 50*l.* towards its equipment, and 50*l.* a year more, for three years certain, towards its subsequent maintenance.

The expedition under Mr. Lander, it is well known, was fitted out by a company of enterprising Liverpool merchants, and consisted of two steam-boats, the Quorra, of 150 tons, wood-built, and of the usual construction, the Alburkah, an iron boat, of 57 tons burthen, weighing, however, only 15 tons absolute weight, and drawing little more than 3 feet water, and a brig of 150 tons, which was meant to lie at the mouth of the river, and load goods as brought down by the steam-boats. This little flotilla left England about the end of July, 1852, and arrived off the Nun on the 19th of the following October, having previously run down the coast of Africa from the Isles de Los, and touched at Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, and other settlements, to procure refreshments and embark Kroomen. It was in this way, probably, however, that sickness so early showed itself in the expedition, Captain Harris, of the Quorra, and two seamen, having already died before it entered the river.

Their first cares on arriving were, to moor the brig in security, to await their return, and to tranship from her, into the two steam-boats, an adequate supply of goods for the interior trade. The steam-boats proceeded up the river on the 27th, encountering no direct opposition from the natives, though they had reason to believe that King Boy was averse to their proceeding, and had even directed their pilot to run them ashore. For the first forty miles the banks were mere mangrove swamps; afterwards they acquired some degree of muddy consistence. The tide ascended about eighty miles, running up about four knots; but the current down on the ebb was above seven. They arrived at Eboc on the 7th of November, having thus far escaped without any additional loss of life, though, in addition to the general unhealthiness of the swampy country traversed, they had encountered some sharp hostility from the inhabitants of a village about thirty miles below Eboc, which they considered themselves obliged, in consequence, to destroy by way of example. Mr. Laird believes that the quarrel originated in mere misunderstanding. The signal from the Alburkah, the leading steam-boat, to the Quorra to anchor, was a gun. This was fired opposite to this village after dark, and, naturally alarming the inhabitants, was answered by a sharp fire of musquetry from the bank. It became indispensably necessary, however, to stop this at all events, and the result was as stated, to the great regret of the assailing party.

The reception of the strangers at Eboc was not the less cordial for this event; indeed, the social system along the whole river was found to be so dislocated by the unhappy slave trade, that though a sort of authority was asserted by some principal places, as Eboc, Atta, and Funda, over the others, it was the mere authority of force and aggression, the strong insulting and oppressing

the weak,—not any bond of union for mutual protection. And in this way the fate of the destroyed village was never alluded to by any of the natives as a reproach to the party, though, no doubt, it was known to many, and operated as the warning desired. They remained at Eboe two days, which were passed in palavering (exchanging presents and other civilities) with the King, and in embarking the supplies thus obtained. They then proceeded on the 9th, and passed through what Mr. Lander in his previous voyage had supposed to be a considerable lake, with three rivers proceeding from it, but which proved to be merely a widening and separation of its stream into two, not three, channels by an island. The river was here, from bank to bank, about 3,000 yards across, with a varying depth from seven fathoms under; but Mr. Laird can scarcely imagine whence all the water comes that appears to be discharged into the gulph of Benin by the numerous rivers which flow into it. He cannot think that the Quorra alone furnishes the whole. Its mean breadth is not above 1,500 or 1,600 yards, and it is nowhere above two miles and a half across. Its stream is full of shallows; and altogether Mr. Laird thinks that the Nun mouth alone discharges as much water as it brings down, though there is probably considerable deception in this, arising from the periodical accumulation of water near the mouth, caused by the flood tides.

Two days after leaving Eboe the mortality recommenced in the expedition, and a blank occurs in Mr. Laird's recollection in particular, until the 5th of December, when he found that he had lost in the Quorra alone fourteen men, and in the Alburkah three more. This disproportion was believed to be owing to the superior coolness of the latter vessel, the iron hull of which conducted, and diffused all over her the freshness of the water in which she floated.

The expedition was now at Atta, a considerable town picturesquely situated on a low hill on the left bank of the river, and containing a population approaching to 15,000 souls. The population of Eboe was not supposed to exceed 6,000. The expedition was now fairly entered within the district of the Kong mountains, which rose on both sides to an estimated height of 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and were extremely grateful to the eyes of those who had been so long accustomed to dull swamps, and who hailed the change as the harbinger of future health. The loftier among them were extremely precipitous in their ascent, with flat table summits; the lower were also frequently table, but some rose in conical peaks. They appeared to be distributed in two nearly parallel ranges, crossing the river in a direction from N.W. to S.E. with a spur, as it appeared afterwards, running N.E. from the point of land between the Quorra and Tschadda, and dividing the basin of the latter from that of the Coodoonia. Their composition appeared to be chiefly mica-schist as far as Mr. Laird was enabled to observe.

The King of Atta was not so friendly to his visitors as the King of Eboe had been; and all endeavours to engage him in an ivory trade were fruitless. It did not appear whether he was without a supply of ivory himself, as he sometimes allowed, though always with magnificent statements of the quantity which he could procure; or whether he was guided merely by feelings of suspicion and malevolence; but both, probably, combined. He was rude and disrespectful in his bearing, and his priests made a fetish above where the boats lay, (that is, sacrificed a human victim, and threw the body, in morsels, into the river,) to prevent the boats from passing up; but at length, weary of his prevarication, Mr. Lander left the place, and the natives were much disappointed at finding their incantations of no avail. The next point to which the party proceeded was Bocqua, a town

which Mr. Lander had left on the right bank of the river, but which, having been sacked in the interval by enemies, was found removed to the opposite side. A market on the river, which had been held in the old town, had followed to the new; and a remarkable circumstance was here observable, arising probably from the necessity of the case, but which shows how near the extremes of barbarism and civilization may meet. This market was a neutral ground, a sort of free port in which the subjects of antagonist kings met in peace. The people of Egga, Cuttum Curfee, and other towns up the river, exchanged their goods here, without molestation, with those of Atta, Eboe, and others below; the chief articles of exchange being tobos, horses, goats, sheep, rice, &c. Butter was also found in the boats from above, of good quality, but without salt; of which last commodity there is an almost total want in this part of the river. The substitute is a harsh, acrid, pungent deposit from a luvium of the ashes of certain plants; a potash rather than a salt, but crystallized.

The river above Atta was found excessively intricate in its navigation. Mr. Laird, indeed, considers that a step, or rise in its whole bed, takes place here, corresponding with the adjoining elevation of the Kong mountains; and that probably its course above this is again comparatively clear, as far as Boussa, where, according to Mr. Lander's report in his first voyage, another similar rise takes place. Among the sand-banks thus encountered the Quorra repeatedly grounded, and at length finally hung for six months, her progress upwards being here arrested. The Alburkah was more fortunate—she went up to the junction of the Tschadda, and Mr. Laird thinks might easily have gone farther. But she did not so proceed till the following season.

The mortality in both vessels meanwhile proceeded, though not with the same frightful violence as below Atta; and the character of the diseases was various, fever, ague, dysentery, debility, &c. The blacks (Kroomen) embarked at Cape Coast Castle, fortunately remained well and faithful; and Mr. Laird pays the usual tribute to the valuable qualities of these people, who are familiarly called the Scotchmen of the coast of Africa, and without whom scarcely any trade could be prosecuted along its shores. A good detailed account of them is wanting to the British public; we know of none except some short notices in the parliamentary reports on Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast; yet some instruction must be deducible from the details of their erratic disposition, and general superiority to the other natives.

In February Mr. Laird lost his last immediate companion in the Quorra, Dr. Briggs, the surgeon and naturalist who accompanied the expedition; and he is peculiarly earnest now in a wish to do justice to this most amiable and excellent young man, whose memory has been injured by a report that he was incompetent to his duties, and had not taken out with him the requisite supply of medicines. These misrepresentations appeared in a letter which was some time ago published in the newspapers, and to which his father (Dr. Briggs, of Liverpool) has replied in print. But besides this, the most satisfactory testimonials are adduced now by Mr. Laird as to the high qualifications of his lamented friend; and the fact, that on the return of the Quorra from the interior her medicine-chest was still well supplied, is a conclusive answer to the other allegation.

After Dr. Briggs's death, Mr. Laird became dispirited from living so much alone; for, the Alburkah being above six miles higher up, his intercourse with Mr. Lander and Lieut. Allen, who were embarked in her, was necessarily very limited. He planned, accordingly, an excursion to Funda, a considerable town up the Tschadda,

and departed on this in April. He had become, by this time, so confident of the pacific dispositions of the people, or, at least, of his own power, as a white man, to command them, that he set off with only one white attendant; the remainder of his crew were blacks. He took up, at the same time, a considerable stock of goods for trade. On arriving at the Tschadda, he found that river wider than the Quorra, but shallower, the utmost depth not exceeding nine feet. The water was also 5° colder, which seems to indicate a short and rapid descent from a mountainous region; although the natives afterwards assured Mr. Laird, that it came from Lake Tschad, and that, in fifteen days, they could take him to Kouka "on one water." No reliance, however, is to be placed on this account, and it seems extremely improbable. About thirty miles up the river, from its junction with the Quorra, and on its right, or north, bank, Mr. Laird found the town of Jammahar, the sea-port of Funda in the dry season, when a creek, which approaches to within ten miles of it, ceases to be navigable. Funda was thus also found to be north of the river, and twenty-five miles distant from it: Mr. Lander's information, in 1831, had led him to believe it was to the southward. Jammahar is distant from it thirty miles by land, and above fifty by water, ascending first the Tschadda, and afterwards the creek leading to the town. It is a small place, very beautifully situated, as usual here, on the top of an abrupt hill; and the ravine, interposed between it and the main land, is bridged by an artificial mound, or *terre*, above thirty feet high, and very well constructed, with sloping sides, and a well-made road above. This work, indeed,—the walls of Funda, which are twenty feet high, with a ditch thirty feet deep, and almost regular Moorish bastions,—and some other extensive works of a similar description, almost induced Mr. Laird to think, that the country, at some period, not very distant, had been occupied by a people farther advanced in civilization than its present inhabitants. Funda itself is an immense place, as large, Mr. Laird thinks, as Liverpool, and with a population not under sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. He remained here two months, but in extremely bad health the whole time, and unable to open a beneficial trade.

The king he found a brutal and ferocious savage, not bloodthirsty, but excessively sensual and tyrannical. His seraglio consisted of 1,500 women, and his palace was merely a group of round huts, inclosed by a palisade. In one of these Mr. Laird was lodged, but he was debarr'd from intercourse with the other inhabitants; and all his firmness and resolution were requisite to support him in this new and difficult position, for he was refused permission to return, though not otherwise ill-treated.

At length, he bethought him of an expedient, which procured his release. The constant answer to his demand to be dismissed, was, that applications were made to the gods in his behalf, but no favourable answer was returned. He then said, that he must send them a messenger himself; and, accordingly, letting off a rocket, of which a small parcel was among his other goods; he afterwards burned a blue light, the colour of which, he announced, would be indicative of a favourable reply. And such was the impression made by this stratagem, that not only was he himself dismissed, with his goods, but Lieut. Allen, who afterwards visited the place, also was enabled by it to assume a tone of threat and defiance towards the old king, which equally served his purposes of return.

The inhabitants of Funda, Mr. Laird states, are about equally divided into Mohammedans and Pagans. The king is partly both; and there is little or no bigotry among either. Mohammedanism is understood to be rather on the increase, which may be advantageous; but, with it, the



power of the Fellatahs, the nearest Mohammedan nation, directly north, is also increasing, which is a more doubtful benefit. While Mr. Laird was up the river, these people made an incursion along the west bank of the Quorra, having crossed near Rabba; and, although the party did not probably exceed 1000 in number, for even fear did not estimate them at more than 5000, no one thought of resisting, but all of flying from them. They thus sacked the country far and wide; among other places destroying Adda-Kudda, a place of considerable extent near where the steam-boats lay, and further remarkable for an extensive dyeing establishment, of which the process was as follows:—In a clay mount, of considerable extent, artificially constructed, a number of pits were dug, four feet wide, by about eight deep. These were about one quarter, or one fifth filled with indigo balls, three inches in diameter, but very coarse and dirty, and were then filled up with water and a ley from wood-ashes, when the whole was left to ferment. When the fermentation had ceased, a plank was put down, which coarsely raked the deposit to one side, and the cloths, suspended from a gallows, were dipped in the blue water, and hung to dry, alternately, till the colour was approved of; they were then highly glazed, as Clapperton describes, by heating. The colours were good, in consequence of the quantity of Indigo used; but not fast, even soiling the hands when touched. (Specimens were on the table of the Society.) All this the Fellatahs destroyed, their only object being slaves, booty, and destruction; but the art is widely diffused throughout the country.

The inhabitants of Funda are also good weavers of coarse cotton cloths; and did not at all approve of our Manchester goods, in which, they said, there was no stuff. They very much admired, however, our gaudy colours. They are also good common blacksmiths; fashion copper into bowls for their pipes, which they make so long, that when riding they can draw them resting the bowl on the foot; dress and sew leather well; and brew an excellent beer. They are ignorant of distilling, and, as yet, indifferent to rum,—they will too soon learn, and suffer under its effects.

The breed of horses in the country is small, but active; and the natives are great riders, sitting well on Moorish-shaped saddles, high before and behind. The dress of ceremony, when going out on horseback, is a quantity of clothing, such as almost to make the rider helpless; but this is seldom used. The Arab bit is employed. The breed of cows is also small; of sheep and goats middle-sized; of poultry very small indeed. Great variety of fish is found in the river: one in every respect externally resembles the salmon, but the flesh is white; its average weight is about 9 lb. Two kinds of alligator, or rather crocodile, were met with—one snub-nosed, which attacked men, and was only found in the brackish water near the mouth of the river; the other was found higher up, with a long snout, and only dangerous when attacked. The natives take it in the same manner as the Egyptians take their crocodiles, by introducing into its open mouth, when running at them, a thick short stick, sharpened at both ends. Two, or more, will also attack them with spears, but the issue is more doubtful. The flesh is eaten; in the latter case, with great triumph. A race of the natives are peculiarly fishermen, and in the dry season build round straw huts on the sand-banks in the stream, for the more convenient prosecution of their trade; but Mr. Laird believes that they are also frequently engaged slaving, the encouragement for which unhappy occupation is here prodigious, there being a slave trade both up and down the river. To this, almost alone, he attributes the failure of the present expedition as a commercial speculation;

nor does he think that any can be very successful while it is maintained.

By the letter of our present treaties with Spain, slave ships can only be condemned if found with their cargoes actually on board. In consequence of this, they lie in the several rivers with their provisions on board, slave decks laid, and in every respect ready, without the least regard for the British cruisers watching them, until these are obliged to return to Fernando Po for supplies, or are otherwise out of the way. The human cargoes are then embarked, and four or five vessels sailing together, but immediately dispersing, with few exceptions all escape. Forty-six such vessels were said to be on the Benin coast when Mr. Laird was there; and eleven in the port of Bonny alone.

We must now, however, conclude this rapid analysis. On his return from Funda, Mr. Laird found that Mr. Lander had gone down the river to communicate with the brig, and obtain reinforcements and supplies. He was absent several months, having been induced to visit Fernando Po; and Mr. Laird, finding the crew of his vessel, the Quorra, now afloat, reduced to himself, so ill that he could scarcely crawl, and two English seamen very little better, determined also to return. He came away in August, and, when half way down, met Mr. Lander then returning up, and intending to prosecute the voyage at least to Boossa. He also touched again at Ebœ, where, notwithstanding his helpless state, he was received with the same deference and kindness as before. In descending thence, he got into the wrong branch of the river, and had some difficulty in extricating himself from that leading to Benin, which he considers the principal mouth, in order to get into the Nun, an inferior stream. Having recruited his stores from the brig, he proceeded to Fernando Po, where his health was much restored; and he laments, both for the sake of the trade and the British cruisers on this coast, that this station is about to be abandoned. A road is now cut through the wood from Clarence Cove to the top of the hill, (11,000 feet,) so that any climate may be commanded; and captured slave ships arrive here in a few hours, whereas the voyage to Sierra Leone costs many weeks. He afterwards visited Old Calabar, and in October left the coast to return home.

The communication was closed by an intimation that Mr. Laird was a candidate for admission into the Society; and his election being carried by acclamation, the other business of the evening was gone into, our account of which, however, we must postpone for a week.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 5.—Colonel Leake in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton read part of the translation of a memoir on 'The Birds' of Aristophanes, by Mr. Süvern, which is published in the volume of Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin for the year 1827, printed in 1830. The author's object is to prove that the poet's purpose in writing this comedy, which was exhibited at Athens in the 3rd year of the ninety-first Olympiad, or 414 B.C., being the eighteenth year of the Peloponnesian War, was to expose to the Athenian people the folly of the great Sicilian expedition, which had sailed from the port of Piræus the year before, the issue of which was still uncertain, the Salaminian galley which had been despatched to fetch back Alcibiades, that he might undergo his trial, not being yet returned. The novelty and importance of this interpretation of the hidden meaning of the poet are particularly striking, as all the notions of preceding critics upon this subject are exceedingly vague, and it has been stated that "this play is amongst the least pleasing of the poet's performances, and, notwithstanding what the commentators say about *Duelira*, the *scopus*

*dramatis* is rather uncertain." Mr. Süvern has shown, on the contrary, that all the characters of the play, as well as the whole tenor of the plot, are intimately connected with this great feature of the Peloponnesian War. The author commences by showing that, notwithstanding the peculiar characteristics of the three grand divisions into which the *dramatis personæ* are distributed, namely, the Birds, the Gods, and the Men, are strictly preserved, and portrayed in the most lively manner, yet they are all essentially Athenians, and the satirical strokes levelled at each of the three have all a direct allusion to the political or moral state of Athens. This ingenious admixture of character has been a principal cause why the real view of the poet has lain so long concealed. But it is not merely the danger and folly of the expedition to Sicily which Aristophanes lays open in the course of the play, but also the farther ambitious designs of Alcibiades and his party, which, though only suspected at that time by the more enlightened part of the Athenian public, were a very short time after betrayed by that commander to the Spartans, when he took refuge amongst the enemies of his country.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Capt. Bagnold, on the manufacture of ships' biscuit by machinery, the invention of Mr. T. Grant, and now successfully employed in the Royal Clarence Yard. The subject was illustrated by various drawings, lent by Mr. Grant, with permission from the Lords of the Admiralty; but as the principle has been heretofore very fully explained in the public journals, we do not think it necessary again to advert to the subject.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society	Seven, P.M.
	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of 13th January.*—A paper from Mr. Milne Edwards was read, giving an account of his researches on the change of colour in the chameleon. Another from M. Fournet, on the nature of the obstruction in the iron conduit of Grenoble. In M. Fournet's opinion it does not proceed from the metal at all, but consists of peroxide of iron, gelatinous flint, and carbonate of lime; these, at first held in solution by carbonic acid, are precipitated on the evaporation of this acid, and form the deposits which obstruct the canal. He proposes to obviate these, by rendering close the passage of the water from the spring-head into the conduit.

A report was made on a paper, by M. Richard, on the irregularity of the flower in vegetables. He is of opinion that the irregularity of petals always proceeds from the loss or abortion of the stamina, a proposition that was illustrated and shown with great ingenuity. The commission bestowed high encomiums on this essay.

An important memoir was read by Dr. Breschet, disclosing a new mode of cure for the venous disorders of the *circocèle* and *varicocèle*. He has effected the cure of these diseases, at the Hôtel de Ville, by means of an instrument compressing the vein for a certain time, until it disappears altogether. Details were given of two very curious cases.

Jan. 20.—M. Lecanu read some observations on the chemical composition of the fat of animal bodies.

M. Morlet sent a memoir of considerable

length, on terrestrial magnetism. Its first part contained the theory of a magnetic sphere; the latter, the application of it to the earth: an attempt was also made to establish the equation of the magnetic equator. As there will be a report on the memoir, we defer speaking of it more at length.

M. Dutrochet related some experiments and discoveries that have proceeded from his principle of the *endosmosis*. The academicians present observed, that Dr. Faraday had anticipated M. Dutrochet.

M. Girard read a note on the Obelisks of Luxor. He had measured them during the French expedition to Egypt. The height of the western obelisk, that nearest to the Nile, was 20.946 metres from the base of the rising of the pyramid to the summit. The other is injured at its base. M. Girard proposes to place the obelisk, just arrived, in the court of the Louvre, and to give it a cubical base of 4 metres at either side, itself to rest on a base 1.199 metres deep and 10 metres wide. He wishes also to give to this base a determined height above the level of the sea, and thus to make it serve as the general measure of levels throughout France. He calculates that the Place de la Concorde is 32.5 metres above the surface of the ocean, the Place du Carrousel 36.5 metres, and the court of the Louvre 34.8 metres. Few people will agree with M. Girard: first, it would be all but impossible to fix the height of Paris above the level of the sea, to the precise metre; for the survey made by Delambre for the meridian of Paris, and that undertaken more recently for the projected canal between Paris and Havre, differ by many metres in the height in question: in the second place, it would be strange to give to the base of the obelisk dimensions deduced from metres, whilst the Egyptians have expressed the height of the obelisk in royal Egyptian cubits. We thought that M. Girard, to whom the discovery of the Nilometre of Elephantine is due, would have been the first to demand that the base of the obelisk should be expressed in Egyptian cubits; this cubit is 525 millimetres, so that 40 cubits just make 21 metres, the height of the obelisk. Instead of 4 metres, they might give 8 cubits to the cubical base of the monument, 4 cubits of thickness for 20 cubits on the side of the base; thus all would be expressed by one and the same system of measurement.

Zoology: On the changes of birds from the influence of climate, by M. Gloyer, of Breslau. It is observed, that in Germany the number of southern birds increase yearly; about 150 years ago, the sparrow was not to be met with in Asiatic Russia. It follows towards the Obi and the Lena the progress of cultivation, and is never seen farther than the line which separates the crops from the barren plains. It is the influence of these alterations that M. Gloyer has studied. According to him, the black colour, or dark brown, becomes darker as the animal approaches the south; lighter towards the north. The grey, or brown grey, remains nearly the same when it is not mixed; but when it is rust colour, or blue grey, or slate colour, it becomes black in the south, or, on the contrary, white if it be mixed with whitish grey. In the north, the grey and the brown-grey become lighter, or are changed to white. The different shades of rust colour are those which in warm countries have the greatest tendency to deepen and to spread all over the animal. Pink, and the colours which approach it, suffer the least modification. Blue, green, yellow-green, escape almost entirely the influence of climate. The beak and feet undergo similar changes, that is to say, if the colour of the bird becomes darker from the effect of heat, these take also a darker hue. The author remarks, that if the characteristics of blue eyes and fair hair, which antiquity has attributed to the Germans, is no longer so generally found to exist

in Germany, this proceeds less from admixture with other races, than from the softening of the climate by cultivation.

## MUSIC

### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE first rehearsal of new music took place on Thursday week. We consider the overture by Andreas Romberg, as the most successful of the compositions which were tried on this occasion; another by M. Berlioz (we believe, the husband of the late Miss Smithson,) was by no means so satisfactory. A third, by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was much admired; as also was one composed by Mr. Lucas, pupil of the Royal Academy of Music—a rising artist who does that institution no little honour. Mr. Potter conducted a symphony of his own composition, which we consider his best, as it surpasses all his former works in boldness of outline, ingenuity of counterpoint, and instrumental effect; it was, however, much too long. The English composers may thus be said, at this rehearsal, to have maintained their place well, by the side of their foreign contemporaries. The arrangements of the orchestra remain the same as formerly. A morning paper has entered upon the subject of the custom of changing leaders and conductors, in a right spirit, but not so decidedly as we think the matter requires to be treated. Let us see what our French neighbours (the precision of whose orchestras is well known,) have to say on this point. The following is an extract from the report of the Paris Committee of Professors: "For the well going and perfect discipline of large orchestras, the most intelligent and least offensive method of giving the time is by signs, either the motion of a bow, or a *baton* in the hands of the conductor. The latter should not take any executive part in the music, but remain wholly free, that he may notice, by sign, look, or gesture, any change of time, or modification of expression, which the composition may require. He should be well acquainted with the contents of the score before him, and placed within view of every musician of the orchestra." We wish that those who have the direction of music, amongst us, would lay these things to heart.

### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THIS third Concert was, like the last, honoured with the presence of Royalty—the audience, too, was more numerous than before. The selection of music for the evening, though not marked by any particular novelty, was classical and excellent. The directors do well in placing the graver compositions at the beginning of the scheme. A chorus by Negri, '*Quoniam tu solus sanctus*,' containing some fine suspensions, opened the performance. Mr. Vaughan's reading of '*Oppressed with Grief*,' a beautiful song by Beethoven, was very happy. Mrs. Bishop appeared for the first time this season, and was most warmly greeted—she deserved applause for her chaste and expressive singing of '*Voilà ce que j'ai*,' and of '*Alme Virgo*,' from Hummel's Overture. Miss C. Novello did full justice to Haydn's canzonet, '*White hollow burst the rushing winds*,'—we are happy to see that she has amended in the matter of *portamento*, the excess of which (no doubt, owing to her French education) was so obvious to remark last season. Mr. E. Taylor has so many claims upon the gratitude of this Society, for his zeal in its service, (of his singing, we will say nothing,) that we do not wonder at the applause which he received. It was a pity that the lovely duet from '*Jessonda*,' translated by this gentleman, was not given to two voices more suited for it, than those of Miss Masson and Mr. Hobbs—the gentleman wants the energy which it demands, though his part

singing is delicate and agreeable. Winter's comic septetto from '*I Fratelli rivali*,' was a pleasant variety. The glees by Linley, Stevens, and Clifton, were well sung. In the one by Sir George Smart (or, to speak more correctly, the harmonized melody), Miss Woodyatt and Mr. Horncastle made themselves worthy of mention: it was *encored*. The two madrigals went exceedingly well, and were repeated "by most particular desire"—there were '*As Vesta*,' by Weelkes, and '*Down in a Flowery Vale*,' by Fesli. Mrs. Anderson played the first allegro of a concerto of Hummel's, with much taste. The finale to Beethoven's '*Fidelio*,' was an entire failure—this requires a powerful band, as well as an efficient choir, which first the Vocal Society does not at present possess.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

M. Scribe's play of '*Bertrand et Raton*,' translated by Mr. Bunn, the lessee, was represented for the first time on Saturday last. We have perhaps been guilty of the sin of omission in not having read the French original, but we understand that the translation is literal, and shall, therefore, treat it as such. People do not always save money by killing their own mutton; and we know, by experience, that it is cheaper to pay three pence each for new-laid eggs, than to keep fowls; still, where a literal translation will do, we think Mr. Bunn acts wisely, seeing, by the present specimen, that he can execute his task very respectably, to save his money. Whether the play under consideration presents one of the cases in which a literal translation will "do well" in theatrical parlance, remains to be proved. We think not. It evinces much talent on the part of the author, but, tried by our rules, it is very defective in construction, and too political in its tendency; it is, moreover, too long, and, upon the whole, unquestionably tedious and dull. It has been said, that it was written at the instigation of the present French government, who, having been placed exactly where they wanted to be by the effects of a revolution, have come to a decided opinion, that revolutions are very absurd and unnecessary proceedings,—just like the old woman who borrowed everybody's tackettle until she got one of her own, and then determined neither to borrow nor lend. It has been said that *Bertrand* is intended for a portrait of M. Talleyrand; and that *Raton*, the popular leader, whom he makes his tool, is written at M. Lafitte. It has been said—but what does it signify what has been said? The English public go to the theatre, not to seek politics, but to seek relief from them, leaving for that purpose the club, the reading-room, or the public house, as the case may be. The French, on the contrary, rush to the theatre to excite, to be excited, and to express their state of feeling as to any matter which may for the moment agitate the public mind. In proof of this, it is well known that in all times of great political excitement, the French theatres are filled, while here they are deserted. Indeed, it is precisely owing to the absence of such matters, that they have lately been so well attended both in London and in the country.

In '*Bertrand et Raton*,' the scene is laid in Denmark, in the time of Christian the Seventh, and the plot may be told in very few words: *Count Bertrand* is a member of the administration, a wily minister, and a waiter upon Providence. The Queen-mother is plotting the overthrow of the Queen Regent, and her paramour *Struensee*; finding that she is likely to succeed, and that a change of ministry will surely follow, *Bertrand* takes occasion to quarrel with his colleagues upon a popular question (he, of course, taking the popular side), and, thereupon, to resign—the change effected, he is naturally re-instated. *Raton* is a wealthy mercer, who has

everything to lose by a violent commotion, and nothing to gain; yet, the vanity of becoming a popular leader, blinds him to the consequences, and Bertrand, working upon his weakness makes free use of him in furthering his ends. When all is over, he finds that he had better have minded his shop, for that, whereas by assisting in the disgrace of the reigning Queen, he has lost one of his best customers. There is an under-plot, consisting of the loves of a son of Raton (Mr. Cooper), and the daughter (Miss Ellen Tree) of the Secretary at War (Mr. Matthews). This love story is brought to a most unsatisfactory and lame conclusion, or rather, to no conclusion at all:—at least, it was difficult for the audience to draw any conclusion from it. The lover conceals himself in the lady's chamber, to avoid being seen by her father, and, on discovery, falsely accuses himself of treason to shield her reputation. He is condemned to death:—the daughter tells the truth to her father, and calls upon him to proclaim it, and countermand the execution. The father, too happy to be rid of a thorn in his path, refuses. She vows, if her lover dies, that she will not outlive him long—this fails. She then tells her father that his cruelty has sundered all ties between them, and makes him the following reasonable proposition:—"If you will save him, I promise never to marry him;"—but adds, "If you will not, and he should chance to be saved by any other means than yours, I will marry him in spite of you." This scene is full of interest; it is the only chance Miss Tree has, and she does not throw it away:—but what is the result? The lover is saved by a rising of the people, and arrives in triumph in the room a few minutes afterwards: whereupon the young lady takes no notice of him, but walks quietly over to her father, and hangs upon his arm, while other people finish the play. We want to know whether "they all live happy afterwards," or not; and we consider that we have a right to know it. There are no really good parts in the piece but Mr. Farren's and Mr. Dowton's: the former acted admirably, but we do not agree with the press generally, that it is one of his greatest efforts; and this only because we do not think great effort required. It strikes us as rather an easy character to act, and one which could not be mistaken—as one, in short, which, to use a theatrical phrase, in a great measure "plays itself." M. Scribe has written it so neatly, so closely, and so beautifully, that the words themselves are stage directions throughout, and scarcely admit of being said more than one way. In saying this, we have no wish to detract one jot from Mr. Farren's high reputation. If the part had been twenty times more difficult, he is just the man to have supplied both conception and execution. We consider Mr. Dowton to have been a slobbering and unsatisfactory performance. He could play the part well, and it is to be hoped, that when he knows his words, he will. He, of all men on the stage, is bound to study his author to the letter; for the language he supplies, when he finds himself at fault, shows him to be at fault indeed. The vulgar action which he once used will probably not be repeated after the signal and prompt marks of indignation with which it was visited by the audience. Mrs. Glover did her best with a part wholly unsuited to her; and Mrs. Sloman, in the Queen-mother, was objectionable in very nearly the last degree. The other characters were respectably filled, and the play, with intervals of most exhausting length between the acts, proceeded heavily to its close, which was marked by but feeble applause. The scenery is admirable.

Many of our readers will remember certain anecdotes, theatrical and otherwise, which we used occasionally to put forth under the head of *Octogenarian Reminiscences*. This head has been asleep for some time, which, at eighty, a head

has an undoubted right to be, if it likes. In the course, however, of writing the above notice, we have talked aloud and woke it. It feels inclined to speak; and, as our friends were wont to be amused with what it said formerly, we shall let it.

*Head.*—"Who are those people you are talking about, Christian the Seventh of Denmark, and his wife Caroline Matilda, the sister of George the Third?—Bless you, I recollect them both well.—Let me see—they were married in '66, and came to England in '68. He was then travelling under the title of the Prince of Travandahl. I recollect seeing him at Drury Lane when he went to see Garrick. Struensee, I remember, came over with them. I recollect being in Richmond Gardens towards the end of the summer of '68, when our King gave Christian the Seventh a grand display of fire-works. I tell you what I recollect also. The noble Dane was so gratified by the attentions shown him in England, that he proposed giving a grand masquerade and entertainment at the King's Theatre. He was informed, however, that although masquerades had not been uncommon in England during part of the reign of George the Second, they had been for many years strictly prohibited. Upon this, he asked permission of our King as a personal favour. It was granted, and the rule thus broken through has never been renewed.

"I recollect another circumstance. George the Third, wishing to surprise his brother-in-law, sent for Mr. Nathaniel Dance, the then celebrated artist, (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Holland,) and asked him if he thought he could paint a portrait of Christian the Seventh from memory. Mr. Dance having undertaken to do so, it was arranged that he should, habited as one of the King's pages, attend upon the royal party at dinner, that he might have the more time, and better opportunity, to make his observations. He did so, and produced one of the most extraordinary likenesses I ever saw. The picture was taken to Saint James's, and placed in a conspicuous situation in an apartment through which Christian must pass the next time he came to court. The King and his attendants were struck with astonishment, and this little essay of royal fun made (as I have heard you say Mr. Mathews says), 'a great laugh at the time.'

"I also remember.—" Here the head went to sleep again.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Cheap Literature.*—Our contemporaries are just now writing a great deal on this subject, and we observe that constant reference is made to *The Penny Magazine*, as to a publishing prodigy which nothing can approach. "To be cheaper and undersell are easy," says the *Literary Gazette*, in an article on the proceedings of the Diffusion Society, "where you are supported by foreign funds, such as subscriptions." Now, in the best of tempers, we must observe that it is not easy—at any rate, what follows will prove that it has not yet been done. A Correspondent, who, it should seem, has gone into some minute calculations on this subject, has compared the *typographical contents* of the monthly part of the *Penny Magazine* for December, sold for 6d., with the *typographical contents* of the monthly part of the *Athenæum*, sold for 1s. 4d., from which it appears that, *line for line*, (and the lines contain as nearly as possible the same number of words,) we gave 959 lines for one penny, while the Diffusion Society, in their penny prodigy, gave but 710!—and our Correspondent observes, that he has not included a single one of nineteen pages of advertisements, which, however, are of great use and interest to many, and of some interest to all. We heartily thank our unknown friend for his active services; but must further observe, that, when price is considered, it should be with reference to like things; and we might then speak

of the superiority of the paper and print of the *Athenæum*—of the superiority of the literary contents—of the far greater cost of getting up any paper which gives the current literature of the day, the weekly proceedings of the learned Societies, &c., than a mere compilation, which may be stereotyped and printed six months in advance. Our Correspondent has not noticed the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*, though creditable; because he says that numerous casts from them are resold, yielding a profit. Thus, then, it appears that *one-third or one-fourth more is given for a penny in the Athenæum than in the Penny Magazine!*

Fourteen new pieces were played at Paris during the month of January—viz. an opera, a melo-drama, and twelve vaudevilles. Twenty-six authors co-operated in these fourteen productions. The Académie Royale de Musique, the Théâtre Français, and the Gymnase, have reserved their novelties for this month.

*Anecdote of Linnaeus.*—It is but justice to Linnaeus to state, that during his whole life he refrained from replying to the criticisms (often very severe,) that were made upon him and his writings, either because he disdained them, or because he felt that he had a larger and more glorious mission to fulfil. He allowed Siegesbeck, Brouall, and others, to let loose their choler against him, and enjoyed in peace the admiration of his age. The only instance of transient ill-will which can be cited is against Brouall. This person in his youth was very humble in relation to Linnaeus, and the latter dedicated to him a genus of plants, which contained only one species, under the name *Browallia demissa*. Afterwards made Bishop of Abo, Brouall assumed to be a great lord, and Linnaeus found a second species of the same genus, which he named *Browallia exaltata*. Brouall having become furious, wrote against Linnaeus pamphlets in no very measured terms; a third species was found, a little different from the genus, and Linnaeus named it *Browallia alienata*. By a singular chance, no other species of the genus has ever been found, so that the names of Brouall still preserve the anecdote entire. —*Silliman's American Journal of Science.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 6	53 31	29.75	S.W.	Clear.
Frid. 7	45 28	29.80	Var.	Foggy.
Sat. 8	41 27	29.90	S.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 9	41 29	30.20	Var. to S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 10	44 30	30.12	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 11	48 36	30.10	S.	Ditto.
Wed. 12	48 31	29.50	S.E. to N.W.	Rain, &c.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair. Dense Fog on Friday and Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, 40°. Greatest variation, 20°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.85. Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 58 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

In a few days, *The Sea-Service*; or, Popular Sketches of Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare, by the Author of 'A Tour in Spain.'

A new edition, with additions, of Italy, by Josiah Conder.

The Short-Hand Standard attempted by an Analysis of the Circle, by Thomas Moat.

The First Monthly Part of a new work on Natural History, by Henry Woods, F.Z.S. A.L.S.

On the 1st of March, the First Number of the Oxford University Magazine.

Just published.—Chitty's Forms, 12mo. 18s.—Antrobus Clifton, a Poem, 8vo. 5s.—Gilbart's History and Principles of Banking, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Thoughts on Providence, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—McNeill's Letters to a Friend, 12mo. 3s.—The Teacher, by Abbott, 3s.—Ausburner on Dentition, 18mo. 4s.—Green's History of Framlingham and Saxsted, 8vo. 12s.—Ideas of my Own, or, Industrious Moments of an Idle Man, 12mo. 5s.—The Lay of Life, a Poem, by Hans Busk, cr. 8vo. 6s.—Great Britain for the last Forty Years, by Thomas Hopkins, 12mo. 6s.—Dickson on Diseases of India, 8vo. 4s.—The Pilgrims of the Rhine, 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Last Words, by the Author of 'Little Mary,' 3s. 6d.—Macaulay on Field Fortification, 12mo. 12s.—Rev. J. H. B. Mountain's Twelve Sermons on Advent, 12mo. 4s. 6d.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

## Sales by Auction.

BOOKS OF PRINTS, ENGRAVINGS, AND VALUABLE WORKS IN GENERAL LITERATURE. To be sold by AUCTION, by Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 52, Fleet-street, on MONDAY, February 17th, and following day, at half-past 12 o'clock precisely, comprising

**BROCKEDON'S** Passes of the Alps, India proofs, 3 vols.; Jameson's Beauties of the Coast of Charles II., 4 Nos. India proofs; Nichols' Autographs; National Portrait Gallery, 45 Nos. India; Lodge's Portraits, Nos. 20 to 60; Illustrations to Byron and Scott, by Flaxen, &c. Several copies of Landscape Annual for 1834; Procession of the Fitch of Bacon, after Stothard, by Watts, India proofs; &c. &c. &c.

In Folio—Boece's History and Croniklis of Scotland, translated by Bellenden, fine copy, morocco; The Acts and Constitutions of Scotland, (the Black Acts), MCCCCLVI.; Ancient and Modern Universal History, 21 vols. call gilt; Boydell's Shakespeare, 9 vols. morocco; Liber Veritatis, 3 vols. In Quarto—Chronicles of England and France, by Hollinhead, Moutret, &c.; Somers' Tracts, Harleian Miscellany, &c. 51 vols. brown calf, uniform; Pugin's Paris, India proofs; Halcott and Turner's Italy, morocco; Gesta Foeniciano, 2 vols.; Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition, 51 parts. And in Octavo—Waverley Novels, new edition, 48 vols. morocco; Chalmers' Shakespeare, 9 vols. Russia; Biographical Memoirs, 11 vols.; Annual Biography and Obituary, 15 vols.; History of the English Stage, 10 vols.; Canning's Speeches, 6 vols.; Shirley's Works, by Gilford, 1 vol.; Wilford's House of Russell, 2 vols.; Family Library of French Classics, 34 vols.; Batty's Rhine and Hanover, morocco; Burnett's Reformation, 4 vols. L. P. morocco; Pantologia, 13 vols.; Shaw's Zoology, 28 vols.; Loddiges' Botanical Cabinet, 17 vols. &c.

\* May be Viewed and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

## TO PUBLISHERS, ETC.

Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON respectfully announce, that they are instructed to sell by Public Auction, the **STEREOTYPE** Plates of Johnson's English Dictionary; the Stock, Copper, and Copyright of Cooke and Donaldson's Pompeii, 2 vols. folio; the Stock, Copper, and Copyright of Soane's Public and Private Buildings, Stereotype Plates, Stock, and Copyright of the Pulpit; 1150 Copies of Doddridge's Devotional Letters; Published and Unpublished Copper of Buck's Ancient Vases, together with a large quantity of Miscellaneous Books in quires, &c.

\* Catalogues are preparing.

Messrs. E. FOSTER and SON beg to announce to the Nobility, Connoisseurs, and the Public, that the following is the arrangement of **SALES OF PICTURES AND WORKS OF ART**, at the Gallery, 51, Pall Mall, for the present and ensuing Month.

**ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19,** and following Days, a genuine and pleasing **COLLECTION OF PICTURES** of a Private Gentleman, from whose Country Residence they have been removed for the convenience of Sale. Many Pictures of merit will be found in this Collection, particularly a set of the Cartoons, copied by Sir James Thornhill; Holy Family, Correggio—Assumption of the Virgin, Guido—Landscape, A. Vander Neer—Cabinet Landscape, Berchem—and Diana and Callisto, Albano.

**ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 20,** and Two following Days, an extensive **COLLECTION OF PICTURES OF THE ITALIAN, DUTCH, FLEMISH, and ENGLISH SCHOOLS**, most of which have been placed in Messrs. Foster's hands for Sale without reservation; particularly a noble Landscape, S. Rosa—the Four Seasons, Carravaggio—Holy Family, Palma—Virgin and Child, Procaccini—Grand Altar-Piece of Christ and the Centurion; and others of merit.

**ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5,** a **Genuine COLLECTION OF PICTURES** of great merit, the property of a Gentleman, without reserve. Among the most striking Works in this Sale will be found, a Landscape, by Wynants—the Battle of Lepanto, Lingelback—a grand Landscape, the united efforts of the two Possessors—a grand Landscape, by Arioli, enriched with groups of Figures by Goussier; and some sweet Specimens of the English School.

**ON THURSDAY, MARCH 6,** a **CABINET OF PICTURES**, of the most pleasing description, in the DUTCH, FLEMISH, and ENGLISH SCHOOLS, the entire property of a Gentleman, and removed from his Residence; containing some remarkably good examples of the Modern British School of Art, by Anderson, Tong, Hobson, and others, and a good Specimen of the late Mr. West.

**ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12,** and following Days, (on account of the Importer,) a valuable Consignment of **CABINET PICTURES**, selected from known Collections in HOLLAND and GERMANY by an Amateur, whose good taste is a sufficient guarantee for their originality and excellence. They are mostly of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, and include instances of many of those Masters whose works are universally held in high estimation.—At the same time will be sold a valuable Collection of SEVRES, DRESDEN, and ORIENTAL CHINA, consigned to Messrs. Foster with the Pictures.

**ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19,** and following day, the very choice and valuable **COLLECTION OF THE ITALIAN, DUTCH, and FLEMISH SCHOOLS**, the property of a private Gentleman, selected from the following Continental Galleries, viz. The Orleans, King of Poland's, Van Lockhorst, D'Orville, Hope, Steengracht, De Garre, Caraman, Lordon, Accaigoli, Vanni, &c. This grand Collection is replete with Masterpieces of the Italian School from the above well known Galleries, and forms one of the most splendid Cabinets of Art offered to the public for some time.

**ON SATURDAY—MAY next,** the second portion of the superb **COLLECTION OF PICTURES**, the property of CHARLES O'NEIL, Esq. In this early notice, it will be sufficient to remark, that the pictures in the present sale are in quality equal if not superior to those which were sold last season. The collection (consisting of about 70 pictures) contains undoubted specimens of many of the most favourite and some of the more rare masters of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish Schools, in a state of preservation rarely met with, and embracing subjects equally pleasing to the professed connoisseur and the general admirer of works of art.

Messrs. FOSTER and SON beg to recommend the above collections to the attention of that portion of the public, connected with works of art, and solicit their attendance at the Views of the various Sales, which will take place 34 days before each Catalogue may be had at the Offices, 51, Pall-Mall, and 15, Greek-street, Soho-square.

## BARON HUMBOLDT ET BONPLAND'S WORKS.

**MR. L. A. LEWIS** has received Instructions to prepare for immediate SALE by AUCTION, the remaining Stock of the **VALUABLE and SPLENDID EDITIONS** of the **WORKS OF THE BARON A. DE HUMBOLDT and AL. BONPLAND'S**, amounting to many Thousand Pounds. Catalogues are preparing, and will be forwarded to any Gentleman who will favour Mr. Lewis with his address.—15, Poultry.

## ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE. FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. BUTLER.

On Monday Evening, Feb. 24, will be performed  
PIZZARRO.  
Rolla, ... MR. BUTLER.  
To conclude with  
LUKE THE LABOURER.

Luke (for this night only), ... Mr. Butler.

## THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES, by the late R. P. B. INGTON, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 209, Regent-street.

This interesting Collection contains the greater part of his finest Productions, and altogether comprehends Three Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely new to the Public. Open from Ten till Six.

Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

## GRAND EXHIBITION, NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelaide-street and Lower Arcade, Strand; displaying an extensive Variety of Objects of general Interest—Steam Gun—Steam Boat Models propelled on Water—Steam Carriages for Railways—Wheel revolving at the rate of Five Miles per Minute—Brilliant Combustion of Steel—Magnet producing a strong current of Light and Electricity—Electro-Magnet—Compression of Water—Cooking by Gas—Distillation of Spirit from Bread—Instrumental Music—Magnificent Painting, Sculpture, &amp;c. &amp;c.—Open from 10 in the morning. Admission, 1s.; Annual Tickets, 1s.

## COSMORAMA ROOMS, No. 209, Regent Street.—Exhibition of Splendid CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS. The beauties and wonders of Chemical Science will be illustrated by an extensive Series of the most interesting and brilliant Experiments, with short and familiar Explanations, so as to render each Experiment easily intelligible. In the entire Series nearly all parts of Practical and Experimental Chemistry will be exhibited, with the exception of those Experiments which are unimportant or explosive.

Admission, 1s.—Open from 12 till 5 daily.

## J. C. PICKEN (eldest son of the late Mr. Andrew Picken, Author of the "Domestic Legate," "Black Watch," &amp;c. &amp;c.) has commenced Business as a BOOK-SELLER and STATIONER in the above-named Situation. Where every variety of STATIONERY, and all the New Publications, may be obtained on the very best terms.

A large Assortment of Juvenile Books, at all prices, for Presents, &c.

Also, nearly ready, a **PORTRAIT** of the late Mr. ANDREW PICKEN, done in the first style in Lithography, by the second Son of Mr. Picken, and will be published immediately.

## TO BOOKSELLERS AND PROPRIETORS OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

**WANTED, by a YOUNG MAN, 25 Years of Age, a SITUATION in the BOOKSELLING BUSINESS:** having been accustomed to the Wholesale and Retail Trade, he trusts his services would be found desirable. Satisfactory references can be given to Persons of respectability, by whom he has been employed. Would be happy to undertake the arrangement of a Nobleman's or Gentleman's Library.

Letters (post paid), addressed to L. N., Mr. Griffiths's Library, Wellington-street, Strand, will be immediately attended to.

## THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE (a new Periodical), will be published March 1st. Talboys, Oxford.

## HEBREW CHESTOMATHY. Designed as an Introduction to a Course of Hebrew Study.

By MOSES STUART, Professor of Sacred Literature at Andover, U. S. Reprinted with the sanction of the Author. 8vo. boards, 14s. Oxford: D. A. Talboys; Whittaker & Co., and Simpkin & Marshall, London.

Where may be had, by the same Author, A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. 4th edition, reprinted with the concurrence of the Author, in 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. boards.

This Hebrew Grammar is considered as the best extant—such was the opinion of the late Dr. Regius Professor; and it is now recommended by Drs. Pacy and Burton, the present Regius-Professors.

## ENGLAND and the ENGLISH.

By E. L. WILKIN, Esq., M.P. Author of 'Eugene Aram,' 'Pelham,' &c. 'No man of thought or taste can hesitate to read or fail to be pleased with this work.'—*Athenæum*.

For generations to come it will be referred to as one of standard mind and value.'—*Literary Gazette*.

Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street.

## MR. GLEIG'S NEW WORK.

This day, in 3 vols. post 8vo.

## ALAN BRECK.

By the Author of 'The Subaltern.' 'Quite as worthy of the immortality of fiction as 'Eugene Aram.'—*Athenæum*.

'Alan Breck' has great merit, and equals any novel which the past year has produced.'—*Spectator*.

Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street, (Successor to Henry Colburn.)

## DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO HIS MAJESTY. EXCURSIONS IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, SYRIA, &amp;c.

By JOHN MADDOX, Esq. Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street, (Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.)

Orders should be transmitted immediately to the various Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom, to secure early impressions of the Plates.

## MISS EDGEWORTH'S NEW WORK.

On the 22nd inst. in 3 vols. post 8vo. E. L. E. N.

By MARIA EDGEWORTH. Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street, (Successor to Henry Colburn.)

Orders should be transmitted immediately to the various Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom, to secure the delivery of early copies.

## RECOLLECTIONS of a NAVAL LIFE.

By Capt. SCOTT, R.N. Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street, (Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.)

Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin.

## SALVADOR THE GUERRILLA.

By the Author of 'The Castilian.' Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street, (Successor to Henry Colburn.)

Agents for Scotland, Messrs. Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; for Ireland, Mr. John Cumming, Dublin.

## THE EAST INDIA SKETCH-BOOK; OR, LIPSIA.

This day, complete in 4 vols. post 8vo. We strongly recommend this work to all who wish to learn the exact state of society in our Indian Empire.—*Spectator*.

'No subject, civil or military, seems to have been too much for the pen of the author.'—*Monthly Review*.

Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street.

## SECOND EDITION, in 6 vols. 8vo. the TRANSLATION of MADAME JUNOT'S MEMOIRS.

\* Copies of Vols. III. IV. V. and VI. May be had separately, to complete sets.

'Napoleon's early career is here better narrated than in any work yet given to the world.'—*Literary Gazette*.

'The author enjoyed opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of that great warrior's inward heart which very few other persons could have possessed.'—*Monthly Review*.

Richard Bentley, 8, New Burlington-street.

## THE LIFE and POEMS of the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

## BRUNET, NOUVELLES RECHERCHES BIBLIOGRAPHIQUES, 3 vols. 8vo. 11, 7s.

At Dulau and Co., 37, Soho-square.

## THE SECOND EDITION, price 5s. of ALLAN CUNNINGHAM'S EDITION of BURNS.

Will be ready for general delivery on Wednesday. Cochrane and McCrone.

## The First Volume of Mr. Montgomery Martin's GENERAL COLONIAL HISTORY, being

## BRITISH COLONIES IN ASIA.

In this day published, in demy 8vo. morocco cloth, 21s. Cochrane and McCrone, 11, Waterloo-place.

## GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE LAST FORTY YEARS; being an Historical and Analytical Account of its Finances, Economy, and General Condition, during that period.

By THOMAS HOPKINS, Esq. Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.

'A mass of valuable information on most topics connected with politics, and the writer's deductions are, generally speaking, judicious and acute.'—*News*, Feb. 5.

On the 20th inst. will be published, in 3 vols. post 8vo. by the Author,

## THE OLD MAIDEN'S TALISMAN.

By the Author of 'The Invisible Gentleman,' 'The Gentleman in Black,' &c.

Bell and Churton, Library, 56, Holles-street, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

Now ready, in 8 vols. a New Novel of an Original Character, entitled,

## THE FROLICS OF PUCK.

Bell and Churton, Library, 56, Holles-street, London; Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; and John Cumming, Dublin.

## THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, VOL. VI.

With Portrait, price 6s. HISTORY of the REFORMED RELIGION IN FRANCE, VOL. II.

By EDWARD SMEDLEY, M.A. Late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

\* Lately published, Vol. I. With Portrait, price 6s. Livingston, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo-place.

Previous Volumes of the Theological Library: 1. Lives of British Divines. By C. W. Le Bas, M.A.—Wicif, 1 vol. 6s.—Abp. Cramer, 2 vols. Portraits. 1s. 2. Consistency of the Whole Scheme of Revelation with itself and with Human Reason. By P. N. Shewterworth, D.D. 6s.

On March 1 (to form 12 Monthly Parts, 5s. each), Part I. of an

## ENCYCLOPEDIA of GEOGRAPHY; comprising a complete Description of the Earth—Physical, Statistical, Civil, and Political; exhibiting its Relation to the Heavenly Bodies, its Physical Structure, the Natural History of each country, and the Industry, Commerce, Political Institutions, and Civil and Social State of all Nations.

By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E. Assisted in ASTRONOMY, &c. by PROFESSOR WALLACE, GEOLOGY, &c. by PROFESSOR JAMESON, BOTANY, &c. by PROFESSOR HOOKER, ZOOLOGY, &c. by W. SWAINSON, Esq.

With 62 Maps, drawn by Sidney Hall; and upwards of 1000 other Engravings on Wood, from Drawings by Swainson, T. Landseer, Sowter, Strutt, &c., representing the most remarkable objects of Nature and Art in every region of the Globe.

\* Prospectuses may be had, and Specimens seen, at all the principal Booksellers. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman.

Just published, price 12s. illustrated by 72 Vignettes, in the same manner as 'ITALY,'  
**POEMS** by SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.  
 Comprising the 'PLEASURES OF MEMORY,' 'HUMAN LIFE,' &c.  
 T. Cadell, Strand; and E. Moxon, Dover-street.

This day is published, price 12s. boards.  
**FAUST. A Dramatic Poem, by GOETHE:**  
 Translated into English Prose, with Remarks on former Translations and Notes, by A. HAYWARD, Translator of *Servius's* Essay on the *Vocatio* of our Age for Legislation, &c. Second Edition, to which is appended an Abstract of the concluding Part of the Poem, and an Account of the Story of Faust, with the various productions in Literature and Art that have grown out of it.  
 Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

"This is an extraordinary performance. Such an union of the painter, the poet, and the novelist, in one person, is unexampled. A title of the talent that goes to the making the Stories would set up a dozen of Annual writers: and a title of the inventive genius that is displayed in the illustrations, would furnish a gallery of the colour-mixers that figure in Suffolk-street and the Strand."—*Spectator*.

Just published, the Second Edition of  
**THREE COURSES and a DESERT:**  
 comprising Three Sets of Tales; the first, West Country the second, Irish; and the third, a Miscellaneous Discourse, with Fifty-one Illustrations, the *chef-d'œuvre* of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK; in one thick volume, crown 8vo. half-bound in Morocco, price 18s.  
 This work has had the remarkable distinction of having furnished the materials of no less than four popular dramas, viz.: The Dillolk Gatherer, Paul the Poacher, Saul Brannine, and the Wrong Box, (the latter now performing at the Olympic Theatre.)  
 Vizetelly, Branson and Co. 76, Fleet-street, London.

Just published, the  
**ALBUM ORNE**, in Extra Royal Quarto,  
 splendidly bound in Morocco and Gold, Price Three Guineas; comprising several hundred varieties of Ornamental Borders, nearly every page presenting a different Design, executed by the most eminent Artists, and printed in a diversity of Tints, and on variously coloured Papers, for the display of Drawings, Prints, &c., and the reception of Literary Compositions, and the other usual contents of a Lady's Album.  
 Vizetelly, Branson and Co. 76, Fleet-street.

Just published, the Third Edition of  
**THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK**—which  
 possesses the hitherto unattempted novelty of concentrating, in one volume, all that is interesting, either as an exercise, a recreation, or a pursuit; and forms a complete repertorium of those accomplishments which grace the sex, and constitute the perfection of the female character.  
 "Twenty years ago," says the *Literary Gazette*, "all the novels in England could not have produced such a work."  
 Price One Guinea, richly bound in Embroidered Crimson Silk, and embellished with upwards of 700 Engravings.  
 Vizetelly, Branson and Co. 76, Fleet-street.

**DR. LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.**

In Monthly Volumes, small 8vo. 6s. in cloth.

On March 1, forming Vol. 52 of the above,

**STEBBING'S HISTORY OF THE CHURCH,**

In 2 vols. Vol. II.

On April 1, Europe during the Middle Ages,

Published Feb. 1, History of Natural Philosophy, by Professor Powell, Oxford.

London: Longman and Co.; and John Taylor.

In a large vol. 8vo. with an Abstract of the Population Return of 1831, and Maps, 12s. boards.

**EDINBURGH GAZETTEER**; forming a

complete body of Geography, Physical, Political, Statistical, and Commercial.

As an Accompaniment to the above,

**New General Atlas, by A. Arrowsmith,**

containing 54 Maps. R. yal 4to. h. f. 35s. plain; col. 2s. 12s. 6d.

London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

In 2 vols. Imp. 8vo. 7s. 10s. royal 4to. India proofs, 12s. 12s.

**SELECT VIEWS IN GREECE**; 104 Plates,

engraved in the best line-manner, from Drawings by H. W. WILLIAMS, Esq. Edinburgh: With Descriptions.

Any of the Numbers may be had separately, to complete sets, price each, in Imp. 8vo. 12s. royal 4to. India Proofs, 21s.; India Proofs before letters (a few impressions), 31s. 6d.

London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

**PERSIA, ANCIENT AND MODERN,**

Being No. XV. of the

**EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY.**

Just published, price 5s. cloth boards,

illustrated by a correct and comprehensive Map; a Portrait of Abbas Mirza after a Picture by Sir Robert Ker Porter, and Twelve Engravings by Jackson, from Drawings taken on the spot by the Author.

**HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF PERSIA,** from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time: with a detailed View of its resources, Government, Population, Natural History, and the Character of its Inhabitants, particularly of the Wandering Tribes; including a Description of AFGHANISTAN and BELUCHISTAN.

By JAMES R. BURNES, Esq.

Author of 'Travels in Khorsan,' 'A Tour through the Himaläa,' &c.

Also, lately published,

**Nos. XIII. and XIV. HISTORY OF ARABIA,**

Ancient and Modern. By Andrew Crichon.

"This Cabinet Library maintains its high character, and does the greatest credit to its publishers. It is not, like the trash of the present day, put together without thought and care, with no recommendation but being short and cheap, and the great objection of being superficial and ignorant; but, in every case which the reviewer has seen, has evidently had long care and thought bestowed upon it by most competent persons. Mr. Crichon's History of Arabia is very valuable, and shows that he has carefully studied and judiciously selected the best parts of the best writers, who, for ordinary readers, are quite out of the question. There is excellent feeling throughout the book, and very pleasant style. To those who wish to read Scripture with accuracy, such a book is of very great value."—*British Mag.* Dec. 1833.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

Albemarle-street, Feb. 6, 1834.

WORKS nearly ready for publication, by Mr. MURRAY.

I. With a Portrait, after the Picture by Sir Thos. Lawrence, 2 vols. 8vo.

**THE LIFE OF GENERAL SIR JOHN MOORE,** including his Letters and Journals.

Edited by his Brother, JAMES GARRICK MOORE.

Printing uniformly with the 'Bridgewater Treatises,' in 8vo.

An Argument to prove the Truth of the Christian Revelation. By the Earl of Rose.

IV. Excursions in the North of Europe, through parts of Russia, Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, in the Years 1830 and 1833, with a few characteristic Sketches, and Two Maps. Post 8vo. By John Barrow, Jun.

V. The Second Series of Gleanings in Natural History. By Edward Jesse, Esq. Comprising Extracts from the unpublished Journals of WHITBY, of *Selbourne*. Post 8vo. with Woodcuts.

VI. A New Edition of the FIRST SERIES was lately published.

V. A New Volume, being the Third, of Sermons.

By the Rev. Charles Webb Le Bas, M.A.

At the same time will be published, a New Edition of Vols. I. and II.

In post 8vo. with 10 Prints.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau; being a Picture of the Fashionable Watering Places of Germany. By an Old Man.

VI. Journal of a West India Proprietor, kept during a residence in the Island of Jamaica. By the late Matthew Gregory Lewis, Author of 'The Monk,' 'Castle Spectre,' &c. 8vo.

In small 8vo.

An Elementary Course of Lectures on the Criticism, Interpretation, and Leading Doctrines of the Bible delivered at Bristol College, in the years 1832, 1833, being a Class consisting of such Pupils of that Institution as were Members of the Established Church.

To the Critical and Philological part is appended an ESSAY on the general Grammatical Principles of the Semitic Languages. By W. D. Couche, M.A. Rector of Sulby; Visitor of the College.

IX. On the Connexion of the Sciences. By Mrs. Somerville. Being the substance of the Essay prefixed to the 'Mechanism of the Heavens,' enlarged and adapted for the general and unscientific reader, in one small volume, similar to those of Herschel and Hall.

X. Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Small 8vo.

XI. The Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, translated by William Sotheby. 4 vols. 8vo. With 75 Engravings, from the Designs of Flaxman.

XII.

**FAMILY LIBRARY.**

1. Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland. By T. Crofton Croker, Esq. Compressed into one volume, with nearly 50 woodcuts. Forming Vol. XXI. of the Family Library.

2. History of British India. By the Rev. J. G. Gleig, Author of 'The Sabhalra.' Vols. II. and III. completing the Work. Forming Vols. XLII. and XLIII. of the Family Library.

Account of the Principal Objects worthy of Notice, made during a Residence of 30 Years in Egypt, with Remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians, and the Productions of the Country, &c., containing also a Chronological Account of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies, and a similar Catalogue of the Caliphs and Moslem Kings of Egypt. By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Hon. Member of the Royal Society of Literature, and of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society.

XV. A History of Architecture. By the late Thomas Hoare. Illustrated by numerous Engravings by Moses Shaw, Le Keux, and Bosley, from Drawings made by the Author.

XVI. The First Volume of the Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G. &c. By Authority. 8vo.

XVII. Travels into Bokhara, in the Year 1832. Performed under the Orders of the Supreme Government of India. By Alexander Burnes, Lieut. Bombay Company. 3 vols. post 8vo.

In February, to be published regularly in Monthly Parts (and completed in 24), price 2s. 6d. each, Part I. of

Landscap Illustrations of the Bible, consisting of Views of the most remarkable Places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments, from finished Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., A. W. Callcott, R.A., C. Stanfield, A.R.A., and other eminent Artists.

Made from Original Sketches, taken on the Spot, by the following

Andrew Allen, Esq. Rev. Robert Masters, M.A.

Charles Barry, Esq. Architect. Henry Gally Knight, Esq. Author of 'Eastern Sketches,' &c.

Capt. Cherrie, Author of a 'Report on the Navigation of the Euphrates.' James Mozier, Esq. Author of 'Travels in Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, with the Mission under Sir Harford Jones.'

Rev. Robert Ker Porter, Author of 'Travels in Georgia, Persia, and Babylonia.'

James Balliol, Esq. The late Claudius James Rich, Esq. Author of a 'Memoir on Ancient Babylonia.'

Dr. Holland, Author of 'Travels in the Ionian Islands, Macedonia,' &c.

Engraved in the best style by W. and E. FINDEN.

Each Part will contain Four Views, and will be accompanied by Descriptions drawn up from original and other sources.

By the Rev. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.

Of St. John's College, Cambridge. Rector of the United Parishes of St. Edmund the King and St. Nicholas Acons, Lombard-street; Author of 'An Introduction to a Study of the Scriptures,' &c.

Next week will be published, in 2 vols. post 8vo. price 11. 1s. the 2nd Edition of

**MEN and MANNERS IN AMERICA.**

By the Author of 'Cyril Thornton,' &c. Printed for W. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, London.

In fcap. 8vo. with numerous Cuts, 4s. 6d. cloth.

**OUTLINE OF THE SMALLER BRITISH BIRDS;** intended for the Use of Ladies and Young Persons.

By ROBERT A. SLANEY, Esq. M.P.

"A delightful little book, which in its spirit and manner emulates that of the beloved White."—*Magazine of Nat. History.* London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

In 12mo. 4th edition, 7s. boards.

**THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY;** containing the Doctrines, Duties, Affections, and Consolations of the Christian Religion.

By JOHN BURNS, M.D. Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, &c. London: Printed for Longman and Co.; sold by A. Black, Edinburgh; and the Booksellers in Glasgow.

In 2 large vols. 8vo. with Portrait and Plates, 31s. 6d.

**MEMOIR and CORRESPONDENCE** of the late SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. President of the Lunarian Society, &c.

Edited by LADY SMITH. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

Also, in 2 vols. 8vo. with Portrait, 35s.

**Memoir of the Life, Writings, and Correspondence** of James Currie, M.D. F.R.S. &c. (of Liverpool.) Edited by his Son, W. W. Currie.

In a large vol. 8vo. closely printed, 31s. 6d.

**SELECTIONS from the EDINBURGH REVIEW;** comprising the best Articles in that Journal, from its commencement to the present time; consisting of Characters of Eminent Poets, Painters, Divines, Philosophers, Statesmen, Orators, Historians, Novelists, and Critics—Discussions on Poetry and the Drama, Miscellaneous Literature, Education, Political History, Metaphysics, Foreign and Domestic Politics, Political Economy, Law and Jurisprudence, Parliamentary Reform, Church Reform, Liberty of the Press, State of Ireland, and West India Slavery. With a Preliminary Dissertation, and Explanatory Notes. Edited by Mr. CROSS, Secretary to the Belfast Historical Society.

London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman.

With many Engravings, the Seventh Yearly Volume of

**ARCANA OF SCIENCE AND ART;**

or, an Annual Register of Useful Inventions and Improvements, Discoveries and New Facts in Mechanics, Chemistry, Natural History, and Social Economy. Price 5s. cloth.

"The marrow of all the scientific journals of Europe. It is the most useful and entertaining book we know. We especially recommend it to our country friends—they will thank us, year by year, for the recommendation."—*Spectator*.

Printed by Limbird, 143, Strand; of whom may be had similar volumes for the six former years.

**CHEAP LITERATURE.**—"The recent discussion on cheap literature has induced us to look at this parent of cheap periodicals (THE MIRROR) more closely than we otherwise might have done. The result of our examination leads us to suspect, that, after all, there is just now more cry than wool. After the eleventh year of its existence, and notwithstanding the rivalry of very many other publications, the *Mirror* is still cheap. Its cuts good; its matter, looking at the size of the type as well as the number of pages, considerable; and always various, generally amusing."—*Spectator*, Jan. 25, 1834.

John Limbird, 143, Strand; and all Booksellers.

**CHATSWORTH.—THE MIRROR.**

No. V. of a New Volume contains Three Original Views of Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire; the recent Opening of an Egyptian Mummy; Original Facts in Natural History, &c.

Part I. of a New Volume, with Fourteen Engravings, is now publishing.

"There is as much matter in one of these twopenny numbers as in three of the Penny Magazine."—*Gardener's Magazine*.

Vol. XXII. with a Portrait of Captain Ross, 5s. 6d.

Vols. I. to XXI. price 5s. 16s. in boards, or 7s. 7d. half-bd.

Every Volume is complete in itself, and may be purchased separately.

John Limbird, 143, Strand.

This day is published, in 12mo. price 3s. 6d. the 2nd Edition of

**A VINDICATION OF ECCLESIASTICAL ESTABLISHMENTS.**

By JOHN INGLIS, D.D.

One of the Ministers of the Old Grey Church, Edinburgh; and one of his Majesty's Chaplains in Ordinary in Scotland.

"The publisher takes this opportunity of stating, that the present edition, reprinted in a cheaper form, with the view of more extended utility, was all corrected, except the last sheet, by the late lamented Author, previous to his last illness.

By the same Author.

A Vindication of Christian Faith, addressed to those who, believing in God, do not believe in Jesus Christ whom he sent. In 1 vol. 8vo. price 10s. 6d.

This day is published, in 1 vol. post 8vo. price 12s.

**ENTOMOLOGIA EDINENSIS; or, a**

Description and History of the Insects which occur in a Neighbourhood of Edinburgh. COLEOPTERA.

By JAMES WILSON, F.R.S.E., M.W.S.

Author of 'Illustrations of Zoology,' &c.

The Rev. JAMES DUNCAN, M.W.S.

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Thomas Cadell, London.

**MR. SILLERY'S NEW WORK.**

On the 24th instant will appear, uniform with Byron and Scott's Works, price 7s. 6d.

**THE ROYAL MARINER;**

An Historical Sketch of the Naval Scenes in which his Majesty King William IV. bore an honourable and conspicuous part.

By CHARLES DOYNE SILLERY, Esq. Author of 'Valley,' or, the Citadel of the Lake, Eldred of Erin,' &c. &c.

Dedicated, by permission, to her Most Excellent Majesty Queen Adelaide.

Besides 'The Royal Mariner,' the Volume will contain upwards of One Hundred and Thirty Poems, written in various quarters of the world, on every subject interesting to the Mariner; the volume elegantly printed in small octavo, embellished with a Portrait of His Majesty when Lord High Admiral, and a Vignette View of the Battle of Cape St. Vincent.

Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill.

Just published, price 5s.  
**STRICTURES ON THE MODERN SYSTEM**  
 of FEMALE EDUCATION; forming Vol. III. of Fisher's  
 New and Uniform Works of Hannah More,  
 published in Monthly Volumes, of which,

Volume IV. will be published March 1st, con-  
 taining 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Prin-  
 cess,' with a beautifully-engraved Vignette Title.  
 London: Fisher, Son, and Co.

Just published, by J. B. Baillière, 219, Regent-street,  
**DICTIONNAIRE RAISONNÉ, Etymologique,**  
 Synonymique, et Polyglotte, des Termes Tech-  
 niques usités dans les Sciences Naturelles, comprenant l'A-  
 gronomie, la Géographie Physique, la Physique, la Chimie, la  
 Géologie, la Minéralogie, la Botanique, la Zoologie, l'Anatomie  
 et la Physiologie Générale. Par A. L. J. JOURDAN. 2 forts  
 vols. in-8, à deux Colonnes. Paris, 1844. 18s.

Raspail, Nouveau Systeme de Chimie Or-  
 ganique, avec fig. Paris, 1843. 10s.

Dictionnaire de l'Industrie Manufacturière,  
 Commerciale, et Agricole, ouvrage accompagné d'un Grand  
 Nombre de figures intercalées dans le Texte. Vol. 1er in-8.  
 1833. 8s. The 2nd vol. will soon be published.

Revue des Deux Mondes, a French and  
 Foreign Review-Magazine. Published in Paris and London twice  
 a Month. Price 2s. 6d. for a year; 14. 6s. for six months; and  
 1s. for three months.

Lately published, 12mo. 5s.  
**A TREATISE ON THE NATURE AND**  
**CAUSES OF DOUBT** in religious questions: (with a par-  
 ticular reference to Christianity). With an Appendix, on some  
 Common Difficulties. Lists of Books, &c. &c.  
 "He debates in the right spirit: and makes a wide difference  
 between the scepticism of conscientious doubt, and the scepticism  
 which has its rise in 'faulx in the life.'"—*Athenæum*.

"The volume is written in an excellent spirit."—*Monthly*  
*Review*.  
 "A fair and candid examination of the nature of religious be-  
 lief."—*Spectator*.  
 London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Co.,  
 Paternoster-row.

This day, demy 8vo. 14s.  
**AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF**  
**ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY**, with copious Indexes.  
 By PETER EDMUND LAURENT.

Of the Royal Naval College, B.N. Dock-yard, Portsmouth.  
 Author of 'A New Translation of Herodotus,' 'The Odes of  
 Pindar, in English Prose,' 'Outlines of the French Grammar,  
 for the Use of University Students,' &c. second Edition.—To  
 which is added, a Series of Questions adapted to this work.

This volume combines a Treatise and a Dictionary of Ancient  
 Geography: every geographical name that can be found in  
 Ptolemy, Herodotus, Livy, and other Ancient historians, pre-  
 vious to the fall of the Byzantine Empire, may be easily referred to,  
 and its situation ascertained even without reference to a Map,  
 provided the reader has obtained some general Notions of Geo-  
 graphy.

"We have not met with a work of more value to the classical  
 reader than this laboured and very useful volume. The indexes  
 alone are worth half a historical series, as guides to references  
 to esteemed a-thors, and on every point connected with ancient  
 geography that can interest the scholar or general reader. Brief  
 sketches illustrate these subjects, and, being well arranged, are  
 capable of giving more information in an hour than even intel-  
 ligent research would be likely to supply in several days. Upon  
 these grounds we hesitate not to declare (in spite of a few foreign  
 idioms which are due to the inaccuracy in the author's language),  
 that a companion to the library more useful than Mr. Laurent's In-  
 troduction can nowhere be found. A word of further praise is  
 not necessary when we add that upwards of nine thousand places  
 are designated or described in this single volume."—*Lit. Gaz.*  
 Oxford: Henry Slatter; Longman and Co., and Whittaker and  
 Co., London.

February 1844.  
**NEW WORKS** just published by Roake and Varty, 31, Strand,  
 London; sold also by J. H. Parker, Oxford; and J. and J. J.  
 Deighton, Cambridge.

**NEW DIOCESAN ARRANGEMENTS.**  
 Price 2s. 6d. with a coloured Map.  
**A PLAN for a NEW ARRANGEMENT**  
**of the INCREASE in NUMBER of the DIOCESES of**  
**ENGLAND and WALES.**

By LORD HENLEY.  
 "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes."—Is. li. 2.  
**ON THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.**

Thoughts on the Separation of Church and  
 State. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D. Regius Professor of  
 Divinity in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church.  
**NEW BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.**

Price 5s.  
 Reform not Subversion; a proposed Book of  
 Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, and  
 other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the Use  
 of the United Church of England and Ireland; together with  
 the Psalter, or Psalms of David, pointed as they are to be  
 chanted in Churches; also, an Outline of Ecclesiastical Canons,  
 Articles of Religion, and Convocations. The whole forming the  
 most comprehensive Plan of Church Reform hitherto offered  
 to the Public. By Montagu Robert Melville, Esq.

**POLITICAL ECONOMY.**  
**ON THE NOTION OF VALUE.** Price 1s. 6d.  
 A Lecture on the Notion of Value, are distinguished  
 not only from Utility, but also from Value in Exchange.  
 Delivered before the University of Oxford, in Michaelmas Term,  
 1833. By the Rev. W. F. Lloyd, M.A. Student of Christ Church,  
 Professor of Political Economy.

**CATHEDRAL INSTITUTIONS AND CLERICAL EDUCATION.**  
 Second edition, with Additions and Corrections.  
 Remarks on the Prospective and Past Bene-  
 fits of Cathedral Institutions, in the Promotion of Sound Religious  
 Knowledge and of Clerical Education. By Edward Bouverie  
 Pusey, B.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew, Canon of Christ  
 Church, late Fellow of Oriel Coll. Oxford. 8vo. price 6s. 6d.

"For Deeds and Canons, or Prebends of Cathedral Churches,  
 they were of great use in the Church."—*Bacon*.  
 "This work deserves the best attention of those who have any  
 real regard for the church....The church and the country owe  
 no small thanks to Mr. Pusey, for his learned, high-principled,  
 and powerful Vindication of its Cathedral Establishments."—*British*  
*Magazine*, Feb. 1833.

## THE COQUETTE.

In 3 vols.  
 By the Author of 'Misericordia.'  
 "More character and more incident have seldom been introduced  
 into one fiction."—*Morning Herald*.

"Every page indicates genius. The closing portions of the  
 work are powerful and appalling."—*Court Journal*.  
 "Its pages are devoured with avidity, and parted from with  
 regret."—*Age*.

"In situation, character, and dialogue, it may show with the  
 bravest in the wilderness of novels."—*Observer*.  
 "It possesses a talent for outline and caricature which is ex-  
 ceedingly amusing."—*Globe*.

"It has done more than make us smile—we have now and then  
 laughed outright."—*Athenæum*.  
 "It is full of passages which excite merriment."—*Courier*.

"It betrays evident proofs not only of a cultivated, but a  
 highly observant mind."—*Neser*.  
 "One or two of its characters, for entire originality of con-  
 ception, may rank with the best modern creations in this style  
 of writing."—*Morning Post*.

"Above all, it is written in a style remarkable for its eloquence  
 and simplicity."—*Sun*.  
 Thomas Hookham, Old Bond-street.

**LITERATURE.**  
 Messrs. Saunders and Otley have just published the following  
 In 8vo. (just ready).  
**THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.**

By the Author of 'Pelham' and 'Eugene Aram.'  
 (Splendidly illustrated).  
 In extra boards, or superbly bound.

II.  
**MRS. JAMESON'S NEW WORK.**  
 3 vols. post 8vo.  
**VISITS AND SKETCHES AT HOME AND**  
**ABROAD.**

By Mrs. Jameson, Author of 'Characteristics of Women.'  
 III.  
 In 1 vol. coloured Plates.  
**THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.**

"In Turkey," observes Lady Montagu, "you may send letters  
 of passion, friendship, or even news, without ever inkling your  
 fingers, no fruit or flower, bud or blossom, being without its  
 sentiment."

IV.  
 In 2 vols.  
**IMAGINATIVE BIOGRAPHY.**  
 By Sir Egerton Brydges.

V.  
 In 1 vol. price 16s. bound.  
**MR. LODGE'S PERRAGE FOR 1834.**  
 Third Edition.

"A work which corrects all errors of former works."—*Times*.  
 VI.  
 A Second Edition of  
**TRAVELS IN TURKEY.**

By Adolphus Slade, Esq.  
 "These volumes are full of highly entertaining and curious  
 matter."—*Court Journal*.

VII.  
 In 3 vols.  
**DR. MADDEN ON THE INFIRMITIES OF**  
**GENIUS.**

"A very valuable and interesting work, full of new views and  
 curious deductions."—*Lit. Gazette*.  
 Messrs. Saunders and Otley have just published the following  
 New Novels:

By the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters.'  
**THE HAMILTONS.**  
 3 vols. post 8vo. (just ready).

A Second Edition of  
**PETER SIMPLE.**  
 By the Author of 'The King's Own,' &c.

"Peter Simple" has attained the highest degree of popu-  
 larity."—*John Bull*.

III.  
 A Second Edition of  
**TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF PORTUGAL.**  
 By Miss Pardoe.

"Two very delightful volumes."—*United Service Gazette*.  
 IV.  
 In 2 vols.  
**CECIL HYDE.**

"A very clever novel."—*Spectator*.  
 V.  
 In 2 vols.  
**BARNADISTON.**

"The costumes and manners of the sixteenth century are pre-  
 served with singular accuracy."—*Metropolitan*.

VI.  
 In 3 vols.  
**THE PREDICTION.**  
 Public Library, Conduit-street.

**GORTON'S TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY.**  
 This day is published, in 3 vols. 8vo. strongly bound in cloth  
 and lettered, price 36. 12s.; or with the Maps accurately  
 coloured, half-bound morocco, 41. 14s. 6d.

**A NEW TOPOGRAPHICAL DICTIO-**  
**NARY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,**  
 comprising every City, Town, Village, and Hamlet, in the Three  
 Kingdoms; with an Appendix containing the NEW POPULA-  
 TION RETURN, and an Analysis of the REFORM and BOUND-  
 ARY BILLS.

By JOHN GORTON,  
 Editor of the 'General Biographical Dictionary.'  
**THE IRISH AND WELSH ARTICLES**  
 By G. N. WRIGHT, M.A.

Author of several Treatises on Ireland.  
 Accompanied by a Series of  
**FIFTY-FOUR QUARTO MAPS,**  
 With the New County Divisions,  
 Beautifully engraved on steel, by S. DINEY HALL.  
 London: Chapman and Hall, 166, Strand.

This day is published, 8vo. price 8s. sewed.  
**A LETTER to the RT. HON. SIR**  
**CHARLES MANNERS SUTTON, K.G.C.B., Speaker of**  
**the First House of Commons elected under the Reform Bill of**  
**1832, on the MEASURES REQUIRED for the immediate RE-**  
**LIEF and PERMANENT BENEFIT of the UNITED KING-**  
**DOM.**  
 E. Smith and Co. Liverpool; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This day, demy 8vo. 6s.  
**QUESTIONS ON ADAM'S ROMAN AN-**  
**TIQUITIES.** Printed uniformly and forming a useful  
 Appendix to that Work.  
 Oxford: Henry Slatter; Longman and Co., and Whittaker and  
 Co. London.

**BOOK-BUYERS** will save 50 per Cent. by  
 purchasing from WELSH'S MONTHLY LIST of unpre-  
 cedentedly CHEAP BOOKS, which will be regularly forwarded,  
 free of expense, to any Lady or Gentleman favouring the Pub-  
 lisher with their Address.  
 James J. Welsh, No. 5, Regent-street, Pall Mall.

**ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA.**  
 "The Subscribers are respectfully informed that the 27th  
 Part is published, and that the 34th is in great forwardness. The  
 Third Volume of the Historical and Biographical Department is  
 also completed; and the Third of the division of Mixed Sciences  
 is very nearly ready."

Printed for Baldwin and Cradock; J. G. and F.  
 Rivington; J. Duncan; B. Fellows; Suttaby and Co.; E.  
 Hodgson; J. Dowling; H. J. Hodgson; G. Lawford; T. Laycock;  
 J. Fraser; W. Mason; F. C. Wesley; James Richardson; J.  
 Bohn; T. Allman; J. B. Bryant; J. B. Bryant; J. and J. H.  
 Parker, Oxford; J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge.

This day is published, price 14s.  
**THE FLORA OF OXFORDSHIRE, and its**  
**CONTIGUOUS COUNTIES,** (comprising the Flowering  
 Plants only); arranged in easy and familiar language, according  
 to the Linnean and Natural Systems; preceded by an Intro-  
 duction to Botany, with two illustrative Plates.

By RICHARD WALKER, B.D., F.L.S.  
 Fellow of Magdalen Coll., Oxford.  
 "A very valuable addition to our local Floras. The prelimi-  
 nary introduction to Botany is exceedingly clear and useful, and  
 on the whole, we think Mr. Walker's volume admirably adapted  
 to awaken a taste for the science, and to infuse a very fair pro-  
 portion of elementary instruction."—*Lit. Gaz.*, June 9, 1833.

Oxford: Henry Slatter, High-street; Longman, Rees, Orme,  
 Brown, Green, and Longman; and Whittaker and Co., London.

**TUCKER'S LIGHT OF NATURE.**  
 In two very large volumes 8vo., price 21s. in boards.  
**TUCKER'S LIGHT OF NATURE PUR-**  
**SUED.** With some Account of the Life of the Author.  
 By Sir H. P. MILDMAY, Bart. M.P.

Dr. Paley, in speaking of this valuable work, says—"It would  
 be ungrateful not to confess that the obligation I am under for the  
 writings of Tucker under the title of 'The Light of Nature Pur-  
 sued,' there is more original thinking on the several subjects  
 that he has taken in hand than any other, not to say in all others  
 put together; his talent is unrivalled."

London: Printed for Thomas Tegg and Son, Cheap-side; and  
 sold by all other Booksellers.

**MRS. HANNAH MORE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.**  
 In a pocket vol. price 4s. in boards.  
**STRICTURES ON THE MODERN SYSTEM**  
**of FEMALE EDUCATION,** with a new theory Principles  
 and Conduct prevalent among the Ranks of Rites and Fortune.

By Mrs. HANNAH MORE. A new edition.  
 "May you so raise your character that you may help to make  
 the next age a better thing, and leave posterity a good debt,  
 for the advantage it shall receive by your example."—*LORD*  
*HALLAM*.

Crickwick: Printed for Thomas Tegg and Son, No. 73, Cheap-  
 side, London; and sold by all Booksellers.

**PUBLIC RECORDS.**  
 Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock respectfully apprise the  
 public that the following works, printed by order of the Com-  
 missioners of the Public Records of the Kingdom, are just ready  
 for delivery:—

1. The Close Rolls: Rotuli Literarum Clau-  
 surarum, in Turri Londinensi Asservati.—Vol. I. Ann. 1204 to 1224.  
 Accurate Thomas Duffus Hardy, e Soc. Lit. Temp. In a large  
 folio volume, price 44. 4s.

2. The Chancellor's Roll: Rotulus Cancell-  
 larii, vel Antigraphum Magni Rotuli Pipe. Royal 8vo. 15. 5s.

3. The Pipe Rolls: Magnus Rotulus Scac-  
 carii, vel Pipe de Anno 31 Henrici primi. Nunc primum editi  
 Josephus Hunter, S.A.S. Royal 8vo. 15s.

4. An Essay upon the Original Authority of  
 the King's Council, grounded upon a Report presented in the  
 Honourable the Commissioners of the Public Records, in order to  
 explain the nature and importance of the ancient parliamentary  
 petitions, as materials for the constitutional history of England.  
 By Sir Francis Palgrave, Esq. price 6s.

**HISTORY AND TREATMENT OF THE HORSE.**  
 Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of  
 Useful Knowledge.—Just published, in a handsome 8vo. vol.  
 price 8s. 6d. bound in cloth and lettered.

**THE HORSE; with a Treatise on Draught,**  
 and a Copious Index. Illustrated and embellished with  
 more than 100 Engravings on Wood.

Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.  
 This volume contains every thing relating to the natural history  
 and economy of the horse, viz. its general history; various  
 breeds; external and internal structure; principles of breeding;  
 general management; and the medicines used in veterinary  
 practice, &c. Also,

Useful and Ornamental Planting, with an  
 Index. 8vo. price 3s. cloth boards.

**The Mountain Shepherd's Manual.** Price 6d.  
**Administration of the Poor Laws.** Price 6d.  
**Reports of the Cultivation of Select Farms.**  
 In 3 Numbers, price 6d. each.

**British Cattle; with very superior Wood En-**  
**gravings, drawn from living specimens by Harvey.** No. 1 to 13,  
 price 6d. each.

**British Husbandry; with numerous Cuts.**  
 No. 1 to 11, price 6d. each.



## EIGHT ENGRAVINGS FOR ONE SHILLING.

On the 1st of March will be published, in Octavo, to be completed in Twelve Monthly Parts,

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE  
FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS,

Made expressly for this Work, by RICHARD WESTALL, Esq. R.A., and JOHN MARTIN, Esq., the distinguished Painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast.'

THE CREATION	MARTIN.	CAIN AND ABEL	WESTALL.
THE TEMPTATION	MARTIN.	THE DEATH OF ABEL	MARTIN.
THE JUDGMENT	MARTIN.	THE DELUGE	MARTIN.
THE EXPULSION	WESTALL.	THE ASSAULTING OF THE WATERS	WESTALL.

Besides the Octavo, a Royal Quarto Edition will be published, price 3s. 6d. The former is intended for binding up with the Octavo, and all the smaller sizes of the Bible; the latter will serve for all other sizes from the Octavo to the largest Quarto.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

The great interest and charm of this Publication is so manifest, as to need no remark in its favour; and the eminent Painters to whom the execution of it has been entrusted, is the best guarantee for its effective fulfilment. The work will be published at so low a price as to allow of its being bought by almost every one who possesses a Bible, and it is only by a most extensive circulation that a return of the vast capital expended can be expected.

Published by Messrs. BULL and CHURTON, 25, Holles-street, London.

Agents are established in all parts of the United Kingdom, of whom Prospectuses and Show-books may be had on application.

## NEW EDITION OF THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

TO BE COMPLETED IN SIX MONTHLY VOLUMES, PRICE 5s. EACH, IN CLOTH BOARDS.

On the 1st of March will be published, with a PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, Vol. I. of the

## CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

By I. D'ISRAELI, Esq. D.C.L. F.A.S. Ninth Edition.

This popular work is designed for the numerous portion of mankind, who, by their occupations, or their indolence, require the materials for knowledge, and for thinking, by the readiest means. The volume is limited to his classical pursuits; and the ingenious whose imperfect studies have been neglected; and the impulsive whose remote residence from literary circles restricts their ardour, may in these volumes partake of the utility of a public library.

"That most interesting and researching writer, D'Israeli, whose works in general I have read oftener than, perhaps, those of any English author whatever."—*Byron*.

"That lively and popular Miscellany, 'The Curiosities of Literature,'—Sir Walter Scott.

"From Mr. D'Israeli's works the best-informed reader may learn much, and the temper of his writing may be an useful model for succeeding authors."—*Southey*.

EDWARD MOXON, DOVER-STREET.

## A MUSICAL NOVELTY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRUIKSHANK.

On March 1, 1834, will be published, Part I. price 1s. 6d., containing 36 small quarto pages music, to be continued Monthly; also in Weekly Numbers at 4d. each, containing a quarto page of music, of the

## JUVENILE MUSICAL LIBRARY.

With Characteristic Engravings;

BEING

COLLECTION OF THE MOST POPULAR SONGS, NEWS, AND MUSIC, BY MR. W. A. NIELD.

COMMENCING WITH

JOHN GILPIN;

With Thirty Original Illustrations, by Cruikshank, engraved by Bouverie.

Early orders are requested to be given to the respective Booksellers, Allan Bell and Co. Warwick-square; and Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-court, London; Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and W. Curry, jun. and Co. Dublin.

## A NEW WORK!

A Complete Play for Threepersons.

THE MINOR BRITISH DRAMA: all Copyright Plays, with beautiful Embellishments by Findlay and Hart. Published every Friday, in 8vo.

No. 1. Wallace, the Hero of Scotland.

— 2. The Skeleton Hand. Which will be followed by popular Pieces by Fitzball, Serle, Moncrieff, Milner, and other celebrated Authors.

Published by John Doucombe and Co. 9, Middle-row, Holborn; Sherwood and Co. Paternoster-row. Sold also by all Dealers in Periodicals.

In 8vo, price 1s. 6d.

A HEBREW PRIMER; intended as an

Introduction to the Spelling and Reading of Hebrew with the Points, compiled for the use of Children and Beginners.

By the Rev. A. MCCALL, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin.

Also, lately published,

1. New Edition, in 1 vol. 8vo. (900 pages), price 21s. boards; inferior paper, but very superior to any Foreign Edition, price 15s. boards.

Biblia Hebraica, Editio longæ Accuratissima,

ab Evaristo Van Der Hoeft, V.D.M.

This edition has undergone a careful revision by Professor Hurwitz.

"The most correct edition of the Hebrew Scriptures is the last reprint of Van Der Hoeft's Hebrew Bible, which has been edited by Professor Hurwitz."—*Quarterly Journal of Education*, January, 1834.

2. A Grammar of the Hebrew Language. By the Rev. S. Lee, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. 2nd edition, in 1 vol. 8vo, price 14s. 6d.

"The best grammar for the English reader is that of Lee."—*Quarterly Journal*, January, 1834.

3. Professor Lee is preparing for publication a Hebrew and English Dictionary, in one large volume.

4. Elements of Hebrew Grammar (without Points); to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Two Modes of Reading, with or without Points. By Charles Wilson, D.D. late Professor of Church History in the University of St. Andrew's.

6th edition, in one vol. 8vo, 6d.

5. Liber Psalmorum; ad editionem Hooghe-

lianæ accuratissime adnotata.

Printed for James Duncan, 37, Paternoster-row; J. H. Parker, Oxford; and J. and J. Deighton, Cambridge.

Just published, price only One Shilling.

## THE TRADESMAN'S COMPLETE

BOOK-KEEPER, BY SINGLE AND DOUBLE ENTRY, IN WHICH A SERIES OF BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS ARE FIRST TREATED ACCORDING TO THE MOST APPROVED AND SIMPLE METHOD OF BOOK-KEEPING BY SINGLE ENTRY, AND ARE SUBSEQUENTLY REPEATED AND ILLUSTRATED BY DOUBLE ENTRY; TO WHICH ARE ADDED TO THOSE WHO UNDERSTAND THE FORMER, A READY AND EASY METHOD OF BOOK-KEEPING BY COMPARISON; AND TO THOSE WHO ARE TENDERS OF BOOK-KEEPING ALTOGETHER, AN EASY METHOD OF ARRIVING AT A PERFECT KNOWLEDGE OF THAT ART, WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF A MASTER! TOGETHER WITH A JOURNAL UPON A NEW AND IMPROVED PLAN (NEVER YET MADE PUBLIC) WHICH AVAILS ALL THE OBJECTIONS PROPERLY ARGUED AGAINST THE ITALIAN SYSTEM, AND COMBINES ADVANTAGES NEVER HITHERTO ATTEMPTED.

By RAYMOND PERCIVAL, Accountant.

London: R. Groombridge & Sons, Pall-mall; Paternoster-row; and G. Odell, 69, King-street, Golden-square.

NEW EDITION OF DR. GREGORY'S MATHEMATICS FOR PRACTICAL MEN.

Just published, a new edition, with considerable additions and improvements, in 8vo, illustrated with Plates and numerous Cuts, price 16s. boards.

MATHEMATICS FOR PRACTICAL MEN; being a Commonplace Book of Principles, Theorems, Rules, and Tables, in various Departments of Pure and Mixed Mathematics, with their applications; especially to the Pursuits of Surveyors, Architects, Mechanics, and Civil Engineers.

By OLIVIER GREGORY, LL.D. F.R.S. &c.

London: Printed for Baldwin and Cradock, Paternoster-row.

A COMPLETE LAW LIBRARY.

Lately published, in 15 vols. royal 8vo, price 11s. 6d. each vol.

A PRACTICAL AND ELEMENTARY

ABRIDGMENT OF THE CASES argued and determined in the Court of King's Bench, Common Pleas, Exchequer, and at Nisi Prius, and of the Rules of Court from the Restoration in 1660, &c.

By CHARLES PETEIDORFF, Esq.

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

London: Baldwin and Cradock; and Henry Butterworth.

The sets of this important work are bound up in the following manner, viz.—In 10 vols. at 11s. 6d. per volume; in strong canvas, in reasonable law binding, price 16s. 12s.; and in law-calf and lettered, 15s. 14s. 6d.

Fasciculi 1 to 9, royal folio, 2s. each, of

A SERIES OF ANATOMICAL PLATES, IN LITHOGRAPHY, with References and Physiological Comments, illustrating the Structure of the Different Parts of the Human Body. Edited by JONES QUAIN, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of London.

A delay of a few days having occurred in the delivery of two or three numbers of these Plates, the Editor begs to inform the Subscribers that it has arisen from a desire on his part to improve the drawings, by enabling the artist to refer to recent dissections.

The outline and most of the details of the Figures will continue to be taken from Cloquet's work, and others; but to give more spirit and expression to the Plates, the artist will have before him, from time to time, the different parts of the body which he is engaged in delineating. This alteration in the mode of getting up the work, is adopted with a view to improve its general character and usefulness; and from the arrangements made to accomplish it, the Editor confidently hopes it will not be productive of delay or irregularity.

The work will consist of Five Volumes, as follows:—

The First will contain the Muscles. (To be completed in about 25 Fasciculi.)

A Fasciculus, consisting of Two Plates, with their Letter-press, will be published every fortnight.

Printed for John Taylor, Bookseller and Publisher to the University of London, Upper Gower-street.

MR. SHERIDAN KNOWLES' PLAY, 'THE BEGGAR OF BETHNAL GREEN,' altered from 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' will be published on Monday next.

Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

Just published, in 4to, with 17 Plates, price 2s. 18s.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, for the Year 1833. PART II.

Containing the following Papers: 1. Rev. G. Fisher's Magnetic Experiments made during five years in the South of Europe—2. Prof. Graham on the Aerenates, Phosphates, and Pungent Acid—3. Dr. Stark on the Influence of Colour on Heat and Odours—4. Prof. Ritchie on Electro-Magnetism and Magneto-Electricity—5. Sir David Brewster on the Anatomical and Chemical Structure of the Crystalline Lenses of Animals—6. Mr. Watkins on the Magnetic Powers of Soft Iron—7. Mr. Christie on the Direction and Intensity of the Terrestrial Magnetic Force—8. Sir John Herschel's Observations of Nebulae and Clusters of Stars, during eight years—9. Dr. Faraday's Fourth Series of Experimental Researches in Electricity—10. Prof. Turner's Experimental Researches on Atomic Weights—11. Prof. Duboué's Note on the recent Volcano in the Mediterranean—12. Prof. Henderson's Observations on Encke's Comet, at the Cape of Good Hope—13. Mr. Ivory on the Inequalities of the Motions of the Planets—14. Mr. Wheatstone on Acoustic Figures—15. Dr. Marshall Hall on the Medulla Oblongata and Spinalis—16. Mr. Barlow on the Situation and Changes of the Magnetic Line of Equal Variation—17. Mr. J. E. Gray on Molluscan Animals and their Shells—18. Dr. Faraday's Fifth Series of Experimental Researches in Electricity—19. Mr. Kiernan on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Liver—20. Meteorological Journal, Jan. to June, 1833.

Printed by Richard Taylor, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street; and sold by all Booksellers.

"The world-renowned Conversations Lexicon."—*Edin. Rev.*

Just published, Part I. to VIII. price 2s. 6d. each; and Vol. I. Parts I. and II. 11s. each.

THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA; or,

'CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.' With numerous Additions and Corrections, and Dissertations on Literary and Scientific Subjects, and the Fine Arts, by THOMAS THOMSON, M.D. F.R.S., Sir D. K. SANDFORD, and ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

These Parts include from A to Canada, and contain a vast mass of information not to be found in any other work. The Publishers would refer to the articles Academy—Arabian Literature and Language—Arnold—Austria—Bandana—Bank—Belgium—Biblical Language and Literature—Bollivar—Bonaparte—Botany—Book Trade—Botany, with Dr. Rattray's Chart—Brazil—Brewing—Britain—Byzantine School of Art—Calico Printing, &c. &c. These Parts also include Dr. Thomson's Sketch of the Progress of Physical Science.

"If completed on its present plan, it will be one of the most useful works of reference that persons who have not time for deep study can require."—*Athenaeum*.

"We have looked through the articles carefully, and we find those treated exactly in the manner that a person seeking for information would wish. It continues to be what its commencement gives us fair reason to anticipate, wherever our influence extends it shall be exerted in hearty recommendations."—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

"It must prove a useful and excellent standard book."—*Tait's Magazine*.

"To students, in every department of knowledge, it will prove invaluable as a work of reference, as it contains the condensed contents of folios."—*Sheffield Iris*.

"Its celebrity is not more than it deserves, for we know no work more calculated to convey information, whether on obscure or familiar subjects, or that does it in a more pleasing manner."—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

Blackie and Son, Glasgow and Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, and James Duncan, London; and Curry, Jun. and Co., Dublin.

WANTED TO BORROW £30, by a Gentleman under Age. For particulars address (post paid) to T. P. care of Mr. Small, Bookseller, 71, Loomer Grove North.

MESSRS. GOSS & Co. Surgeons, have removed from their late Residence in Bouvier-street, to No. 7, Lancaster-place, Strand, near the Waterloo Bridge, London, where all Communications are to be addressed.

THIRD AND FINAL GLASGOW LOTTERY.—Tickets and Shares for the Final Portion of the GLASGOW LOTTERIES, authorized by Parliament, are now on Sale at BISH'S OFFICES,

15, Cornhill, 27, Poultry, 128, Regent-street.

The Drawing takes place on the 22nd of July next, on which day the whole of the Series authorized by Parliament will be finally determined.

27 In the Lottery just finished, BISH and his Agents sold both the Grand Capital and every other Prize in the Scheme above £1000 (except one) ALL IN SHARES, and in the preceding Glasgow Lottery more than two-thirds of all the Capitals, and all in shares, which were distributed all over the various parts of the United Kingdom.

LONDON, HOLYHEAD, AND LIVERPOOL STEAM COACH AND ROAD COMPANY. Capital, £320,000, in Shares of £20. each; Deposit, £2. per share. Subscribers will not be answerable beyond the amount of their respective Shares.

PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Right Hon. Sir Henry Parnell, Bart. M.P.

W. R. Cartwright, Esq. M.P. William Stuart, Esq. M.P.

C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. M.P. Sir Charles Knightley, Bart.

TRUSTEES.

W. R. Keith Douglas, Esq. Sir A. Arnew, Bart. M.P.

Henry Handley, Esq. M.P.

RANKERS.

London.—Messrs. Coutts & Co.; Messrs. Smith, Payne, & Smith.

Davenport.—Messrs. Watkins and Son.

Conestry.—Messrs. Beck and Prime.

Birmingham.—Messrs. Attwood and Co.

Liverpool.—The Bank of Liverpool.

Shrewsbury.—Messrs. Beck, Dodson, and Co.

Northampton.—Messrs. Wainwright, and Gilliat.

Acting Secretary—A. M. Robertson, Esq. 2, Parliament-street.

Solicitors—Messrs. Green, Pemberton, Crawley, and Gardiner, Salisbury-square, and E. S. Harton, Esq. Lincolns.

Consulting Engineer—Thomas Ashford, Esq.

Acting Engineer—John Maccully, Esq.

Inspector of Engines, —

Application for Shares will be addressed to the Secretary, No. 2, Parliament-street, where copies of the Prospectus and further information may be obtained.

*In February will be published, to be completed in Twenty-five Monthly Parts, price 2s. 6d. each, PART I. of*

## LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE,

CONSISTING OF VIEWS OF THE MOST REMARKABLE PLACES MENTIONED IN THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS,

From finished Drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.; A. W. CALLCOTT, R.A.; C. STANFIELD, A.R.A.;  
and other Eminent Artists;

Made from Original Sketches, taken on the spot, by the following distinguished Travellers:

ANDREW ALLEN, Esq.  
CHARLES BARRY, Esq., Architect.  
CAPT. CHESNEY, Author of a 'Report on the Navigation of the Euphrates.'  
C. R. COCKERELL, Esq. A.R.A.  
SIR A. EDMONSTONE, BART., Author of a 'Journey to Upper Egypt.'  
MAJOR FELIX.  
HON. W. E. FITZMAURICE, Second Life Guards.  
J. B. FRASER, Esq., Author of 'Travels among the Himalaya Mountains.'  
DR. HOLLAND, Author of 'Travels in the Ionian Islands.'

REV. ROBERT MASTER, M.A.  
HENRY GALLY KNIGHT, Esq. Author of 'Eastern Sketches,' &c.  
J. MORIER, Esq., Author of 'Travels in Persia.'  
WILLIAM PAGE, Esq.  
SIR R. K. PORTER, Author of 'Travels in Georgia.'  
C. J. RICH, Esq., Author of a 'Memoir on Ancient Babylon.'  
CAPTAIN RENNIE, R.N.  
ALBERT WAY, Esq.  
J. WILKINSON, Esq.

ENGRAVED IN THE BEST STYLE BY W. AND E. FINDEN.

Each Part will contain Four Views, and will be accompanied by Descriptions, drawn up from Original and other Sources,

BY THE REV. THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, B.D.,

Of St. John's College, Cambridge, Rector of the united Parishes of St. Edmund the King and St. Nicholas Acons, Lombard Street.

Author of an 'Introduction to a Study of the Scriptures,' &c.

### PLAN AND OBJECTS OF THE WORK—MATERIALS ON WHICH IT IS FOUNDED.

It is certainly somewhat remarkable that, while other works of comparatively small moment have employed the pencils of the first artists, and have received every sort of embellishment, so little should have been done in attempting to illustrate the most important of all books—THE BIBLE. It has therefore been determined to give, at the lowest possible price, a series of *matter-of-fact* views of places mentioned in the Bible as they now exist; which, it is thought, will be esteemed a more appropriate illustration for such a work, and more suitable to its character, than any *fictitious* or *imaginary* representations of the events described in it, to which few perhaps, if any, modern artists are capable of doing justice.

Independently of the interesting associations connected with

“Those holy fields  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed,  
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,”—(SHAKESPEARE)—

the Land of Palestine, as is well known, abounds in scenes of the most picturesque beauty. Syria comprehends the snowy heights of Lebanon and the majestic ruins of Tadmor and Baalbec. The gigantic Temples of Egypt, the desolate plains of Babylon and Nineveh, the ruined cities of Idumea, Moab, and Ammon, and the rocky solitudes of Mount Sinai—all afford subjects most admirably adapted to the artist's pencil.

But, notwithstanding the surpassing interest which attaches itself to Scripture localities, *very few*, even of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Bible, have ever been delineated. The few wretched engravings which occur in books of Travels convey a very inadequate idea of the places which they are intended to represent.

By the kindness of the distinguished Travellers whose names are prefixed,—aided by the obliging and zealous assistance of CAPTAIN MANGLES, R.N. (who, though no draftsman himself, has so admirably portrayed with his pen the scenery of the Holy Land),—the Proprietor of the *Illustrations of the Bible* is enabled to supply this deficiency: these gentlemen having allowed him to make a selection from among nearly *Three Hundred Original Sketches*, taken by them during their travels in the East, which they have most liberally placed at his disposal. No pains or expense have been spared in procuring from the most eminent artists drawings and engravings which should combine the utmost excellence of art, with the most exact and faithful adherence to the original sketches.

The very low price at which the work is offered to the public will place it within the reach of every possessor of a Bible; and it is anticipated that, in addition to its claim of novelty, and the recommendation which it will have as a beautiful production of art, it may prove in a high degree *useful*, as it is intended to give views *not only* of the places where remarkable events actually took place, but also of those particularly mentioned in the prophecies, which in their present ruined and desolate condition, so completely exemplify, to the most minute particular, everything which was foretold concerning them in the height of their prosperity, that no better or more accurate description can now be given of them than a simple *quotation* from a chapter and verse of the Bible written from two to three thousand years ago. The most remarkable instances of this are afforded by Egypt, Edom, Babylon, and Tyre. So that, in these cases, the fulfilment of prophecy may actually be *set before the eye*, and the understanding assisted and confirmed by the *sight*.

For the convenience of persons who may desire to bind up these Illustrations with any of the Established and Annotated Editions of the Bible, the Plates will be printed in the following different sizes:—

Class.	Size.	Price.	Bibles with which it will bind up.
I. Super royal 8vo.	.....	2s. 6d.	All demy and medium 8vo. editions of the Bibles published at Oxford, Cambridge, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c. Rev. G. Townsend's Chronological Arrangement.
II. Imperial 8vo.	.....	3s. 6d.	The new edition of Dr. Clarke's—Scott's—Henry's Bibles. The royal and imperial 8vo. Universities Bibles, printed at Oxford and Cambridge.
III. Royal 4to.	.....	4s.	All Quarto editions of Scott's—Henry's—Clarke's—Hewlett—Brown—D'Oyley and Mant.
IV. Royal 4to. India Proofs.	.....	5s.	All the medium Quarto Bibles of the Universities.
V. Imperial 4to. Proofs.	.....	7s. 6d.	All royal and imperial Quarto editions.

### CONTENTS OF THE EARLIER NUMBERS.

[This mark \* denotes places of which it is believed *no views* have ever before been published—or, at least, none which deserve to be considered authentic.]

Views.	References to the Bible.	Sketched on the spot by	Drawn by
Mount Ararat	Gen. viii. 18	J. Morier, Esq.	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
Valley of Brook Kedron	John, xviii. 1	C. Barry, Esq.	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
*The Dead Sea	Josh. xv. 5	Rev. R. Master	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
*Ruins of Ascalon	Zephaniah, ii. 4.	Sir A. Edmonstone	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
*Fountain at Jericho	II. Kings, ii. 19-22	Rev. R. Master	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
Street in Jerusalem	Matt. xxii. 2	C. Barry, Esq.	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
Nazareth	Luke, iv. 29	C. Barry, Esq.	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
Sidon	Acts, xii. 20	C. Barry, Esq.	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
Mt. Lebanon & Baalbec	Jeremiah, xviii. 14	C. Barry, Esq.	A. W. Callcott, R.A.
*Nineveh	Nahum, i. 8, 9	C. J. Rich, Esq.	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
Tadmor in the Desert.	I. Kings, ix. 18	G. R. Wood	C. Stanfield, A.R.A.
*Mount Moriah	II. Chron. iii. 1	C. Barry, Esq.	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
Mount Sinai	Numbers, i. 1	Gally Knight, Esq.	J.M.W. Turner, R.A.
*The Ancient Sichar	John, iv. 6	Capt. Fitzmaurice	Capt. Fitzmaurice.
Mount Carmel	Judges, v. 21	Capt. Fitzmaurice	Capt. Fitzmaurice.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street. Sold also by C. TILT, Fleet Street.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, No. 2, Catherine Street, Strand, by J. FRANCIS; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors in Town and Country.